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Miller: The Mexican Invasion

NATIONAL REVIEW

McCain's Gag Rule . . .

And Why Bush Should Veto It

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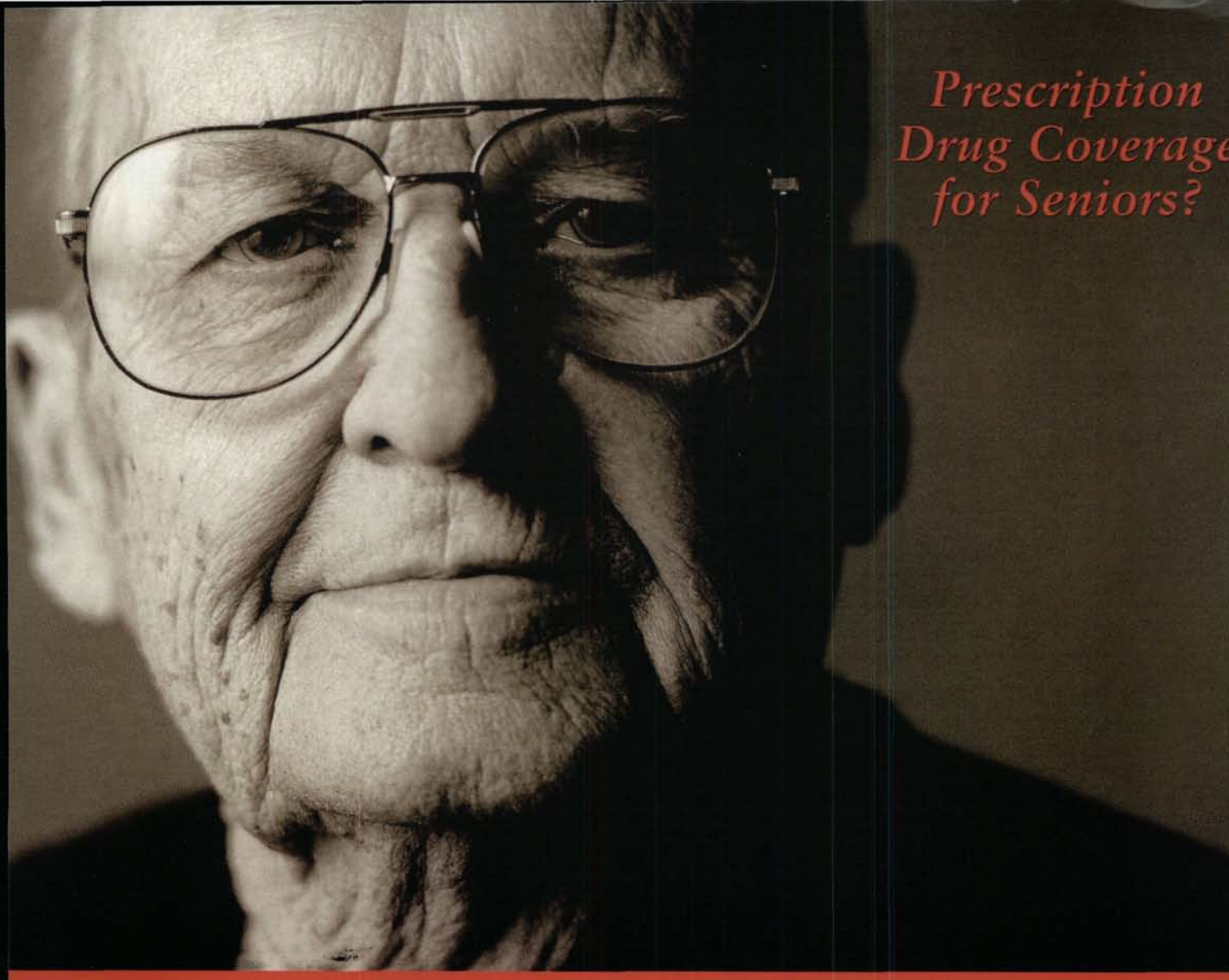

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■ LETTERS ■

'THE SINS OF THE FATHERS'

Almost any measure of outrage at priests who commit crimes against children has been given approbation by Our Lord. Nonetheless, it must be pointed out that the headline "The Sins of the Fathers" and the picture you chose for your Feb. 11 cover are misleading, even if the points Rod Dreher's article scores are richly deserved. According to the latest research, "The Sins of 1 in 3,000 of the Fathers" would have been more accurate. I offer no defense for priests who do unspeakable things; I'd be more likely to help tie the knot on the millstone. But, please, don't join the effort to scare people away from all priests.

Tom Hoopes
National Catholic Register
Hamden, Conn.

ROD DREHER REPLIES: *The "1 in 3,000" number seems to come from the head of a Catholic-affiliated institute that treats troubled priests, and it refers to "true pedophiles," meaning men who are sexually attracted to prepubescent children. The overwhelming majority of sex-abuse allegations involving priests and minors have to do with "ephebophilia," meaning an attraction to postpubescent youth. The terms may be important to psychiatrists, but not to average Catholics. Is anybody relieved to learn that pederast priests are far more likely to molest 13-year-olds than six-year-olds? In Boston alone, between* 60 and 80 *priests face "substantial" allegations of sex abuse—and that's according to the archdiocese, which took pains to cover everything up. In any case, the real scandal is not only that there are priests who molest children, but that there are bishops who enable it through their indifference and deception.*

I resent Mr. Dreher's spotlighting the weaknesses and cover-ups of a few clerics in the Catholic Church. Next time, why doesn't he write an article on the many priests who dedicate their lives to helping the poor, visiting the sick, and comforting the downtrodden?

Richard Stephans
Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Thanks to Rod Dreher for his wonderful article on the Church's problems with pedophilia. He hit the nail on the head: "The kind of men who rise to the episcopacy are generally not the sort who rock boats." God bless him for his courage to tell the truth—and to tell it without attacking the Church, but by attacking those who debase it.

A parish priest
Name withheld upon request

READER'S DIGEST, R.I.P.

I read John J. Miller's piece "InDigestible" (Feb. 11) with great sadness. He put into words what I began to notice a few years ago: *Reader's Digest* was disappearing and just another fluff magazine was emerging. The architects of this metamorphosis failed to see a simple truth: Its success was its contents. Unlike the liberal media, it didn't have to wait for the WTC to fall in order to support the American way of life.

I no longer subscribe, but once in a while I pick it up and look through its pages, much as one would visit an old friend, who, due to some horrible disease, has lost his mind, and is a shell of what he was.

Richard Zaparan
Brooklyn, N.Y.

A DOG, A CAT, A MEDAL

In The Week (Jan. 28), you were guilty of a blatant act of canine bias, declaring Buddy "the most honorable and decent of the Clinton gang." That is an affront to Socks, for Buddy's record is by no means unblemished. A few years ago, Bill Clinton made an overnight stop in Hartford. Later the female dog of my coworker gave birth to a litter, father unknown. But resemblance, proximity, and timing lead me to surmise that Buddy, out for a run, proceeded to behave as his master had. If Socks is guilty of such conduct, at least he kept it discreetly hidden.

Richard Daly
Rockfall, Conn.

Thank you for the story (The Week, Feb. 11) concerning my "old" commanding officer, Gen. Joe Foss. I believe in airport security, but not in grabbing a man's Medal of Honor as a security precaution. Too bad they didn't try that when he was a younger man.

John R. Sacker
Sebring, Fla.

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How to Undermine the High School Diploma

Diane Ravitch is a research professor, New York University; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover nstitution; and member, oover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

For many years, educators and policymakers at state and national levels have been trying to persuade young people to finish high school. Dropping out without a diploma, it is widely recognized, is associated with lower wages and scant economic prospects over one's lifetime. Consequently, we have regularly seen advertising campaigns by public officials and private industry encouraging teenagers to stay in school and improve their life chances.

Yet **the U.S. Department of Transportation recently indicated that a high school diploma is not especially important.** Last fall, when Congress passed legislation to improve airport security, it federalized the nation's 28,000 screeners of passengers and baggage. The legislation directed the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) to hire, train, test, and deploy those responsible for screening access to our nation's airplanes. The public assumed that the purpose of this legislation was to heighten security.

At first, the FAA said that it would require a high school diploma for those jobs. But when it was discovered that some 7,000 current airport screeners do not have a high school diploma, the FAA reversed course and decided that it would accept a year of relevant work experience in lieu of a high school degree. In other words, the current workforce, which allowed massive security lapses on September 11, is good enough. Even though its starting salaries will be doubled (to an average of $30,000), the workforce will remain unchanged and its qualifications will not be increased.

There are two problems here: (1) the legislation is a sham if it does not raise minimal standards for those who hold these sensitive jobs; (2) the FAA's decision sends a message to students that it is not necessary to have a high school diploma to get a good job, even one that is crucial to the nation's security.

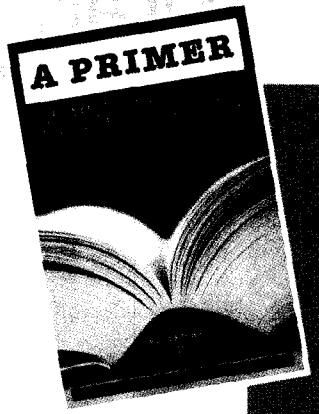
Why should screeners have a high school diploma? Teachers and principals will tell you that school completion indicates a certain level of persistence, self-discipline, literacy, and accomplishment. Young people who lack the motivation to complete their high school studies are not the best pool from which to select those who are expected to read passengers' faces and behavior, to assess the contents of their bags, and to do so quickly and accurately.

How can teachers persuade their students to stay in school and get their diploma if the FAA says that the degree doesn't matter? To his credit, Senator Charles Schumer of New York has complained about this unfortunate decision.

Members of the American public were led to believe that the federalization of the workforce would raise standards for those entrusted with their safety. The FAA's willingness to suspend educational standards for one-quarter of airport screeners sends a negative message not only to airline passengers but also to the nation's students and their teachers.

— Diane Ravitch

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ **Bush**, to U.S. Olympic team: "You represent a spirit that is much bigger than evil and terror. You represent peace. . . . Now, let's roll!" . . . Bush, in Milwaukee: "There is another danger to guard against: the use of genetic research to threaten the dignity of life itself. The powers of science are morally neutral—as easily used for bad purposes as good ones. In the excitement of discovery, we must never forget that mankind is developed—is defined not by intelligence alone, but by conscience. Even the most noble ends do not justify every means. Life itself is always to be valued and protected. In biomedical research, we're dealing with the very makings of life—and the law must be firm and clear in restraining the reckless and protecting the voiceless." . . . Axis of Evil gains new member, in remarks by White House spokesman **Ari Fleischer**: "The president has always been very clear in all the statements he's made, whether it was about North Korea, Iran, Iraq, or anywhere, Palestinian Authority, that it's the people that the United States is concerned with, that they are victims of regimes that invite terrorism and that practice terrorism."

■ In CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup poll, 82 percent of Americans call government of Iraq "evil," with 69 percent and 54 percent also condemning governments of Iran and North Korea. . . . Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.): "**Hussein** should be removed, and soon. . . . He is a time bomb." . . . Former **Reagan** and **Rumsfeld** aide **Kenneth Adelman**, in *Washington Post*: "I believe demolishing Hussein's military power and liberating Iraq would be a cakewalk." . . . Right after French foreign minister **Hubert Védrine** denounces "axis of evil" rhetoric as "simplistic," secretary of state **Colin Powell** accuses him of "getting the vapors." . . . Sixty leading academics sign 10-page letter: "There are times when waging war is not only morally permitted, but morally necessary, as a response to calamitous acts of violence, hatred and injustice. This is one of those times." . . . Senate majority leader **Tom Daschle** on Bush's "axis of evil" remark: "I think we've got to be very careful with rhetoric of that kind." . . . Later, Daschle seems to back off: "There is no difference between myself and the president on the importance that we all put on dealing directly with these three countries." . . . Senate minority leader **Trent Lott** on Daschle's retreat, in *Washington Times*: "Only thing I can figure is he's going to run for president. I can't explain it any other way." . . . **Al Gore**: "There is another axis of evil in the world: poverty and ignorance, disease and environmental disorder, corruption and political oppression."

■ In straw poll at California GOP convention, businessman **Bill Simon** is favorite gubernatorial candidate (40 percent), with secretary of state **Bill Jones** finishing second (32 percent) and former L.A. mayor **Richard Riordan** third (27 percent). . . . As approval rating of Gov. **Jesse Ventura** (I., Minn.) sinks to 49 percent in Minneapolis *Star Tribune* poll, only 29 percent say he "deserves reelection" and 63 percent would prefer "someone else." . . . House minority leader **Dick Gephardt** on passage of campaign-finance bill: "This day and this vote is the most important day I will be spending in 25 years in Congress."

"I let my inner child out to play, and he lost my paycheck in a poker game."

■ INS commissioner **James Ziglar**: "Some believe that our migration talks with Mexico have been forgotten in the wake of September 11. I assure you that is not the case." . . . Supreme Court justice **Antonin Scalia**, in Oregon: "Conservatives are just as willing to distort the Constitution as liberals are. I say a pox on both their houses." . . . CNN's **Wolf Blitzer** invites former Gore aide **Donna Brazile** to "say something nice" about Reagan on his 91st birthday. Replies Brazile: "I'll pass."

■ Immigrants make up 10.4 percent of U.S. population—largest share since 1930, according to Census Bureau. . . . Colin Powell on condom use, on MTV: "It is important that the whole international community come together, speak candidly about it, forget about taboos, forget about conservative ideas with respect to what you should tell young people about it. It's the lives of young people that are put at risk by unsafe sex. And, therefore, protect yourself." . . . Catholic high school in Philadelphia offers extra credit to students who participate in pro-life demonstrations outside Planned Parenthood clinic. . . . In University of Pennsylvania poll of Americans aged 11–18, 86 percent say religion is important part of their lives and 67 percent say they attended worship in previous month. . . . Fourth annual competition for News Corporation's **Eric Breindel** Award is underway. The $10,000 award for opinion journalism is named after late writer and editor, a crusader against Communism and other evils. Deadline is April 26, and applications can be obtained from Sheila Malecki at (212) 930-8692.

■ Russian Orthodox Church condemns Vatican's "unfriendly act" of creating four dioceses in Russia, imperiling Pope **John Paul II**'s hope of visiting country. . . . New report by Rwandan government says more than 1 million people—or one-seventh of total population—were killed during 1990s genocide. . . . Shortly before presidential election, Zimbabwe refuses to accredit election observers from six European countries. . . . In Nepal, Communist rebels kill at least 129 soldiers, police, and civilians in coordinated attacks.

■ **Laura Bush** discusses husband's pretzel problem with **Jay Leno**, on *Tonight Show*: "Now you will be glad to know the president is practicing safe snacks." **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ To all who love jihad, and the murder of Israelis, the Palestinian suicide bomberess is a heroine, compared, in some quarters, to the Virgin Mary. One wonders: What do Vatican Arabists make of *that?*

■ The Bush administration has chosen to dump the nation's nuclear waste in Nevada, at Yucca Mountain. Explains energy secretary Spencer Abraham: "Yucca Mountain will bring together the location, natural barriers, and design elements necessary to protect the health and safety of the public." But what about Vermont? It brings together Jim Jeffords, Pat Leahy, and Bernie Sanders.

■ You read it in the *Washington Post*: "The Afghan war, so easy to understand in its early, black and white days . . ." Flag on that play! What has gone gray, exactly? Well, there are reports that our bombs and choppers missed their targets, or hit the wrong ones, and that many Afghan civilians have died as a result. And there are also reports that Afghan prisoners were beaten by their American captors. Rewind the tape back to the first three words of the *Post*'s sentence: "The Afghan war . . ." Innocent civilians have indeed been killed in this war; so have American and other friendly troops, by American fire. This is the ancient and inescapable effect of flinging masses of explosives on mobile and imperfectly identified targets. Mullah Omar should have thought of these consequences before he allowed his country to become an al-Qaeda truck stop. As for the beating story, the Pentagon is investigating. If any untoward discipline was inflicted, you can be sure that the soldiers responsible will be punished, far more stringently than any Afghans, friends or enemies, have ever punished their own for rights violations.

■ John Walker Lindh, a.k.a. Abdul Hamid, a.k.a. Sulayman al-Faris, has suddenly developed a fondness for Western culture—well, at least for *Miranda* rights. His lawyers plan to argue that their client was coerced into giving two statements to the FBI in which he apparently admitted that he trained in an al-Qaeda camp and knowingly chose to fight alongside the Taliban against American forces. As Lindh challenges the admission of the statements, his credibility will be up against that of the FBI agent who took the statements, whose account might well be bolstered by other witnesses. There is no question that Lindh had previously freely admitted his enthusiasm for bin Laden's cause. A TV camera crew captured that admission in Technicolor, and Lindh sent e-mails to his parents affirming his hostility to America. All, of course, before he converted to the Western way of lawyering.

■ A campaign-finance sidelight: John McCain has recently mentioned the Club for Growth as the kind of organization whose nefarious activities his bill is necessary to police. The senator told CNN, "What we're trying to do is stop organizations like a so-called Club for Growth that came into Arizona in a primary, spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in attack ads. We had no idea who they were, where their money came from. And that's what we're trying to prevent here." Actually, the club's donors (at least those who donate over $200) are on file with the FEC, as required by law. Stephen Moore, the president of the club (and an NR contributing editor), says it ran no negative ads in Arizona—it ran only positive ads about congressional candidate Jeff Flake, who went on to win his primary over the candidate of McCain's choice. Perhaps that's why the senator is still upset—and wants to ban all such activity in the future.

■ Al Gore gave his first post-2000 foreign-policy address at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City, riffing off President Bush's anatomy of the "axis of evil." It is true that Gore wanted to extend the definition of "evil" phenomena in ways more congenial to himself: He called global warming "a threat to international peace and stability," and HIV/AIDS "a national security threat." But what else would a liberal Democrat say? Gore also gave Bush "tremendous credit" for his counter-attack on terror; he acknowledged that Iraq and Iran were dangerous enemies ("a final reckoning with [Iraq] should be on the table"). When he attacked "corrupt and tyrannical governments" in the Middle East (Saudi Arabia, anyone?), and poverty as an "aquifer of anger," who can say that he is wrong, even if his remedies, or his analysis of causes, is faulty? We remain glad that Gore did not in fact win the election of 2000; but, grading his speech on a curve, and throwing in half a point in the spirit of national unity, we would give him a B.

■ The good news is that the Bush administration still opposes the Kyoto Protocol. The bad news is that it bowed to environmentalist pressure to "do something" on global climate change, despite the utter failure of scientific research to validate the overheated worries of environmentalists. While voluntary, the plan increases the political momentum for costly and ill-considered climate controls. The proposal clutters the tax code with additional credits for politically correct technologies and increases funding for international environmental bureaucrats. It also hints at tighter auto fuel-economy standards, which make cars more expensive and less safe. Worse, the plan sows the seed for mandatory emission limits by promising to give compa-

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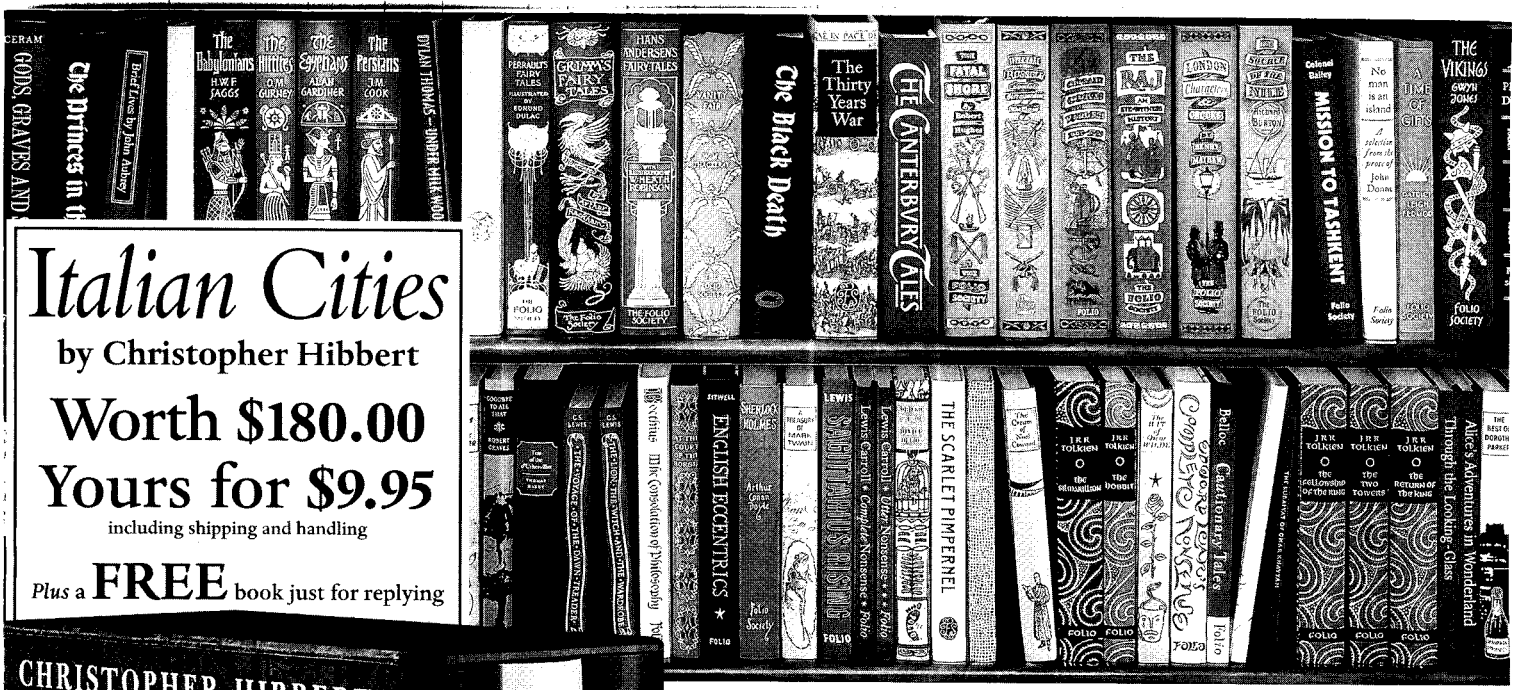

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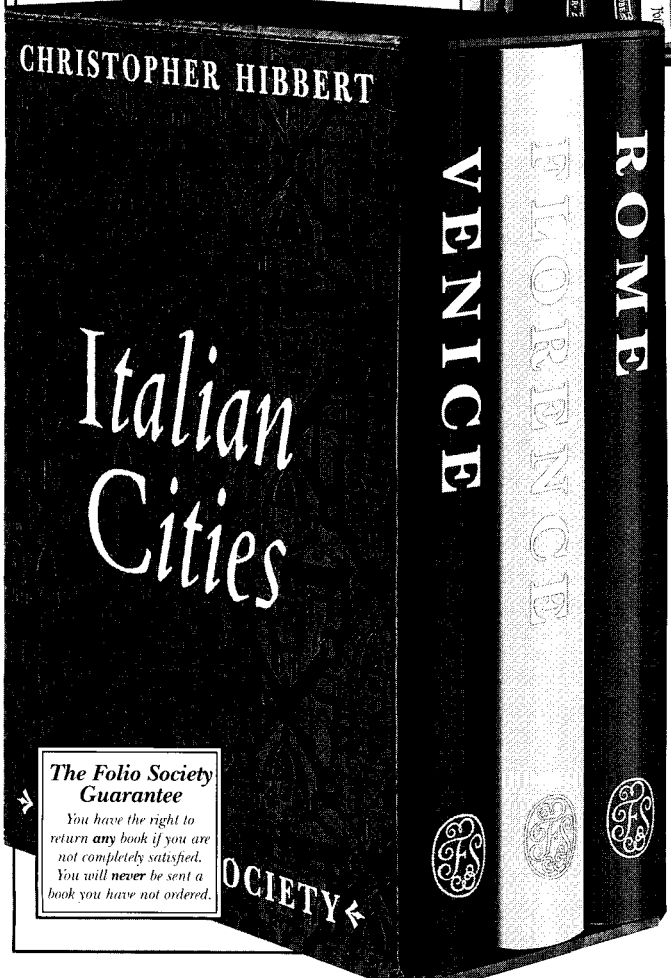
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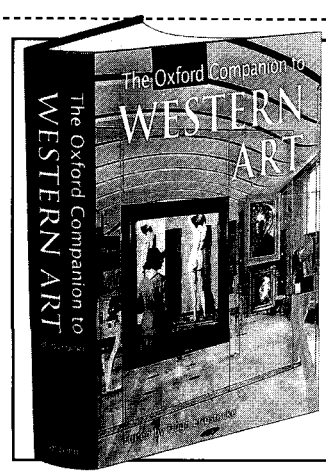

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nies credit for voluntary emission reductions. As these credits accumulate, so will support for emission controls as companies seek to turn paper credits into tangible assets. The administration may have put itself on a green slippery slope.

■ Richard Riordan was a good mayor of Los Angeles—or at least better than the sort of mayor one imagines Los Angeles having. That does not mean he would be an effective GOP candidate against Gov. Gray Davis this fall, even if he has been leading him in polls. Riordan is a gaffe-prone liberal Republican out of touch with the party's base. From his support for abortion rights to his zany flirtations with the Left, he would give rank-and-file GOP voters little cause to turn out. It is not inconceivable that Davis would be the more conservative candidate in a contest against Riordan. GOP-primary voters have a far better choice available to them in businessman Bill Simon Jr. A principled conservative, Simon mixes sound policy ideas with the good cheer of Ronald Reagan, another non-career politician who had the gumption to run for governor. The rap on Simon is that he can't win—but that's the usual rap on newcomers until they do win something. The March 5 primary would be a fine start.

■ Whoever wins the GOP primary in California, the state board of education—controlled by Davis appointees—is on the verge of handing him a wonderful opportunity. In 1998, voters eliminated bilingual education by passing Proposition 227. Since then, test scores for Hispanic students have jumped dramatically. Yet the board has proposed new rules that would gut Prop. 227. The rules would remove the requirement that all students spend the first month of school in English-speaking classrooms, and they would give teachers, rather than parents, the authority to determine which children can handle instruction in English. Gray Davis campaigned against Prop. 227, but has abided by its provisions as governor. He could prevail on his appointees to withdraw this disastrous proposal, which would be the best outcome: The linguistic assimilation of millions of children is at stake. If the board moves forward, however, the Republicans will gain a powerful campaign club.

■ When Bush included Iran in the Axis of Evil, the government there sprang into action, by organizing one of its gargantuan rallies. Public employees and members of the military were required to show up; the poor were told to demonstrate or lose their welfare checks; even the secret police, the Basiji, got involved, threatening students and teachers about the consequences of non-participation. When the big day came, the *New York Times* ran an account of the "millions of Iranians" who turned out, all of them "galvanized by President Bush's branding of their nation." But virtually no other news source estimated the size of the crowd at larger than 300,000, and—as Michael Ledeen pointed out in a piece on National Review Online—this is "appallingly small" by Tehran's standards. In reality, the rally was a bust, its size a serious rebuke to the Khatami regime.

■ The mullah regime in Iran recently rejected Britain's proposed new ambassador to Tehran, David Reddaway, on the grounds that he is "a Jew and an MI6 agent." Note that the terms of the rejection specify "Jew," not "Zionist." It is not Reddaway's politics the mullahs object to, it is his putative ancestry. (In fact, Reddaway is not Jewish.) Reddaway is married to an Iranian, speaks fluent Farsi, and has served as a junior diplomat in Tehran twice before. Probably the mullahs know these things, but don't care; they are just in a rejecting mood following the president's speech. That Jewishness disqualifies a diplomat, in their eyes, from representing his country to them, and that they should be unembarrassed about saying so out loud, indicates how far Iran still has to go towards civilized government.

■ One of Yemen's chief bin Ladenites is Abdel Meguid al-Zindani, a cleric. His tapes are circulated all over the country, and in a "sermon" recently, he said, "Who is the terrorist, and what is terrorism? I think it applies to anyone who is against Western or American policy." The gentleman meant to be mocking, but, you know? In search of a definition, one could do worse.

■ Clinton is portraying his North Korea policy as a near success botched by the Bush gunslingers. Well? According to a 2000 study by the House Republican Policy Committee, North Korea became the largest recipient of U.S. aid in the Asia-Pacific region. Much of the assistance went to develop alternative, non-defense nuclear technology under the terms of the 1994 U.S.-North Korea Geneva agreement. In return, North Korea agreed to suspend weapons development and allow inspection by the International Atomic Energy Agency to ensure compliance. Now that the time has come to fulfill its obligations, however, Pyongyang has balked. Nuclear inspectors are being kept at arm's length. Meanwhile North Korea has pressed ahead with development of the *Taepo Dong* missile, and has shared missile technology with Pakistan and Iran. If this is Clinton progress, we would hate to see Clinton failure.

■ "According to [Israeli] Deputy Foreign Minister Michael Melchior," reports the *Jerusalem Post*, "there were 320 anti-Semitic incidents in France in 2001." The numbers are on the rise: from one in 1998, to nine in 1999, to 116 in 2000, and on to 320. Recent months alone have seen arson attacks on synagogues and schools in Goussainville, Créteil, and Marseilles, and anti-Semitic graffiti are fast becoming commonplace. And while the violence is believed to be mostly the doing of Arab immigrants, anti-Semitic feeling seems also to be persisting among French elites. When the American Red Cross proposed that Israel be admitted to the international federation, for instance, French Red Cross president Marc Gentilli called the idea "disgusting."

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And when *Daily Telegraph* writer Barbara Amiel quoted the French ambassador, Daniel Bernard, as blaming the world crisis on "that sh***y little country Israel," *Le Monde* ran a front-page attack, not on Bernard, but on Amiel—for being "reactionary," "paranoid," and "preachy." From Dreyfus to the Holocaust and beyond, how to account for the willing blindness of France's chattering classes to one of the most obvious of history's lessons? Did they not pay attention during the 20th century, or were they just too busy surrendering?

■ Fidel Castro is on a charm offensive—or rather, celebrity Americans are going to him, in greater numbers, and more gushingly, than ever. American (fellow) travelers like to visit Castro in January, February, and March, for the same reason Americans like to go elsewhere in the Caribbean during this time. That Cuba is a Communist police state, where political dissidents are tortured and democracy is denied, makes no difference. The latest group to sup with Castro included California congressmen interested in having the dictator taste the wines of the valleys, and the singer Carole King, who favored Castro with her hit song, "You've Got a Friend." He certainly does: many of them. Cuban democrats and dissenters, sadly, have many fewer—at least among the American glitterati.

■ One side effect of the September 11 attacks has been to flush out the alarmingly large number of celebrities who hold idiotic beliefs about this country and our enemies. February turned up two new nominations for the Günter Grass Prize, awarded to those expressing truly inane anti-American opinions in public. Nominee number one is novelist Norman Mailer, who in an interview with a London newspaper said: "America has an almost obscene infatuation with itself. Has there ever been a big, powerful country that is as patriotic as America? . . . The right wing benefited so much from September 11 that, if I were still a conspiratorialist, I would believe they'd done it." Nice to hear that Mailer is no longer a conspiratorialist. Jackass number two is sometime media mogul Ted Turner, who in a lecture at Brown University opined that "the reason that the World Trade Center got hit is because there are a lot of people living in abject poverty out there who don't have any hope for a better life." Oh, *that's* the reason we are so hated by the pampered son of a Saudi construction billionaire, is it? Ted allowed that, as well as being "brave," the September 11 hijackers were probably "a little nuts." Takes one to know one, Ted.

■ The folks at the Canyon Road Condominiums in Salt Lake City wanted to do something special for the Olympics, so they bought hundreds of flags representing countries all over the world, and festooned their balconies with them. Problem was, a couple of those flags represented Taiwan—and Big China didn't like that. Nosiree. Representatives from the PRC's embassy in Washington marched up to the condos to demand the removal of the Taiwanese flags. They did this twice. Said Annetta Mower, a resident of the complex, "It took a couple of times for them to understand that this is a private residence, not a government building, and that the government did not give us these flags." Some in town—professors and the like—thought that the condo owners were being insensitive to Red China, that poor, fragile child with a billion people and nuclear weapons, which quakes at the sight of a Taiwanese flag. Annetta Mower responded: "We do appreciate their perspective [meaning, the PRC's], but this is America." Yes, it is—thanks to people like Annetta Mower.

■ On the night of Feb. 4, in South Bend, Ind., Tony D. Murry was holding a box cutter to the neck of Sue Gay when her eleven-year-old grandson—who had been taught to shoot by his father—ran upstairs and grabbed a gun. Murry tried to use Mrs. Gay's body as a shield, but the boy ran downstairs and coolly shot Murry in the chest. (The criminal later died in the emergency room.) You could call the incident a fluke—and in one sense, it was: Even a skilled adult would have had trouble bringing off that shot. Then again, as John R. Lott Jr. has noted, there are some *2 million* defensive gun uses in the United States every year. Gun-control advocates are fond of saying that if a particular regulation were—hypothetically—to save just one child's life, that alone would justify it. Yet the actions of Sue Gay's grandson *actually* saved one life, and may have saved two. Maybe the problem here is that the gun controllers are obsessed with saving hypothetical lives. We prefer saving real ones.

■ A Mount Holyoke junior has taken her professors' feminist teachings rather more seriously than they might have wished. Christie Caywood, a student at the all-women's school and founder of its chapter of Second Amendment Sisters, has suggested that students be allowed to carry firearms for self-defense. Citing several recent cases of rape in the area and the campus's unarmed police force, Caywood told CNSNews, "Why wouldn't they want us armed? I'm at a women's college and they talk about empowerment. We shouldn't have to depend on others to take care of [us]." You go, girl!

■ Five years ago we heard about Dolly the sheep, created by cloning a single cell from an adult animal. Subsequent work in the same area has produced cloned pigs, goats, and cattle. Now researchers at Texas A&M's College of Veterinary Medicine have successfully performed the first cloning of a domestic pet, producing a pretty little kitten cleverly named "cc". Whatever you may think of the ethics of this business—we don't think much of it ourselves—from the point of view of naked capitalism, this looks very promising. Millions of Americans have pets they adore, and would be willing to spend money, even a lot of money, to be able to have a precise copy of Fido or Tiddles when the current incarnation of the genetic code has passed on. We suspect that whoever brings pet-cloning to the marketplace

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will make a fortune. Should any of these outfits go commercial, and public, call your broker.

■ It is finally acceptable to admit that kids in day care do, in fact, get sick more often than kids who are at home with Mom—now that there is a new scientifically proven guilt-free spin to day-care illness. A study finds that the children who are sick during their preschool years because of the germs floating around day-care centers are less likely to catch what the other kids have in elementary school. The day-care advantage disappears by around age 13, according to the study. An AP report nonetheless notes that "the findings should help relieve the guilt and anxiety parents often feel when putting their children in day care." And, hey, that's what really counts.

■ Saudi Arabia has officially banned the celebration of Valentine's Day in the kingdom. The Commission for the Promotion of Virtue and Prevention of Evil, which is responsible for enforcing Islamic values, has declared its intention to conduct round-the-clock patrols to make sure no one is exchanging heart-shaped boxes of chocolates, bouquets of red roses, or sappy greeting cards. Citizens have even been cautioned against wearing the color red. The arresting thing in this story is, of course, the name of that commission. Can we get one of those?

■ Two senior British police officers were sent on assignment to the small Baltic republic of Lithuania as part of a project to train anti-corruption investigators in emerging democracies. Much taken by the charms of the Lithuanian capital, Vilnius, these two coppers decided to investigate local ale-houses. Having spent a long evening in thorough investigation, they began to head back unsteadily in the direction of their hotel. En route, unfortunately, the inevitable physiological consequences of imbibing large amounts of strong beer began to make themselves known. The senior of the two officers, Chief Superintendent Kevin Pitt, relieved himself against an inviting stone wall. His colleague, somewhat less dexterous, was still involved in the preparations necessary to follow suit when Lithuania's own fine constabulary intervened. The stone wall belonged to the Presidential Palace, and the entire event had been filmed by security cameras. The tapes were later played on Lithuanian TV, to general outrage. These people have never heard of Chesterton: "Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode, / The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road."

Powell's on Board

Initially, I thought the guy's
An anxious Albright in disguise;
But, thank God, Colin's fooled us all,
Embracing Mr. Bush's call
To sniff Iraq and maybe bomb
(Not with banana peels) Saddam;
This leaves the goo-goos so atwitter,
Some make do with the kittylitter.

—W. H. von Dreele

CAMPAIGN FINANCE

Veto

PRESIDENT BUSH is reportedly about to commit a cynical and opportunistic act unworthy of his young presidency: signing a disaster of a campaign-finance-reform bill.

The bill, as it seems likely to emerge from Congress, is perfect veto bait for Bush: 1) He thinks it is unconstitutional; 2) it violates the principles for reform that he defended during his campaign and enunciated during last year's legislative debate; and 3) it will discourage exactly the sort of engaged citizenry that Bush devotes so much rhetoric to promoting. But Bush seems ready to ignore all of this and instead heed his own narrow political and financial interests, in a capitulation that will require double-backing on his commitments.

The bill, of course, eliminates the unlimited corporate "soft money" donations to political parties, which are supposed to be especially corrupting. But reformers never bother to explain how it is possible for both parties to be corrupted by soft money, when they advocate diametrically opposed positions on most issues. The implication is that the Republican party's conservatism is bought and paid for, and so is the Democratic party's liberalism. This is a pinched and cynical—not to mention false—way to view the world.

The parties are huge, sprawling national organizations pulled every which way by competing special interests. This is exactly the way politics is supposed to work. The same applies to the legislative and regulatory realms. Almost every victory that Enron—the proximate cause of this latest legislation—won in Washington came by prevailing over some other special interest. The Chicago Board of Trade opposed an Enron-supported regulatory exemption for derivatives trading. The utilities opposed Enron's vision of electricity deregulation.

There's nothing wrong with this, unless you consider petitioning the government and contributing to candidates and parties somehow inherently corrupting, as many reformers do. They talk of the current legislation as a prelude to further efforts to chase private money from politics. As a mere prelude, it is appalling enough. The soft-money ban would make the national political parties poorer, and diminish their influence. The parties would have less money for advertising, voter-registration drives, direct-mail

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pieces, and so on. More important, they would have less money for supporting challengers, who don't yet have the fund-raising clout of incumbents.

The current bill is suspiciously full of such provisions helpful to incumbents. One of the most notorious would prevent citizens' groups funded with unlimited soft-money donations from running ads mentioning an officeholder by name 30 days before a primary or 60 days before a general election. This would force smaller advocacy organizations either to go silent during these periods, or go to the expense and trouble of registering as PACs funded only by limited hard-money donations. (Remember when PACs were the reformers' bogeymen? That seems long ago.) In general, a web of new rules for fundraising, advertising, and "coordination" with candidates would tie outside political groups in knots, limiting their flexibility and ultimately their expression.

The optimistic view of all this is that money will inevitably find a way into the system, and so it will. In a free country, it takes more than one sprawling campaign-finance bill to suppress political speech effectively. But every layer of complexity, every new rule requiring the expertise of a campaign-finance lawyer to negotiate, raises the entry fee to politics. It makes it harder for ordinary citizens to get involved, and makes politics more of a game for experts and insiders, who on the Republican side are urging Bush to sign the bill even as they work to invent ways around it.

It is dismaying that Bush has come to this pass. Depending on how closely you want to read his March 2001 letter on campaign finance, the current bill violates any number of the principles he set out for reform. Bush supported a soft-money ban. On the other hand, he wrote that any bill "should help political parties more fully engage citizens in the political process." This bill does no such thing. He wrote that the bill should "protect the rights of citizen groups to engage in issue advocacy." This is exactly the sort of advocacy the bill would hamstring. He wrote that reform shouldn't favor "incumbents over challengers." This bill does. He wrote that it should include provisions protecting shareholders and union members from having their money spent on politics against their wishes. This bill doesn't.

Bush did not fight for one—not one—of these principles during the debate. He, of course, has a war to run. But perhaps he could have taken some time away from, say, touting the "USA Freedom Corps" to try to influence a substantial reworking of the nation's election system, especially one that raises troubling constitutional questions. Even supporters of the bill admit that parts of it are of dubious constitutionality. In an extraordinary abdication of his responsibilities under the Constitution, however, the president will probably sign the bill in part *because* the courts can be expected to find elements of it unconstitutional. This is why his aides think signing it is so clever—Bush gets the credit for going along, while the bill is sent straight into constitutional limbo.

The expectation that chunks of the bill will be thrown out is probably, although not necessarily, accurate. The soft-money ban is arguably unconstitutional, although the Supreme Court has repeatedly said large contributions can be corrupting. It seems likelier that the 60-day restriction will be judged unconstitutional. And the same goes for the broad and vague provisions defining "coordination" between candidates and outside groups, which kick in a host of other regulations. The Supreme Court has previously made it clear that such restrictions on political speech—the right at the core of the First Amendment—must be extremely narrow and clear-cut. The idea has traditionally been to carve out a broad, easily understood safe harbor for political speech, which is exactly what the campaign-finance bill intends to undercut. But, all that said, there is no guarantee of how the Court will vote, especially given that the closest questions will probably be decided by that weathervane justice, Sandra Day O'Connor.

All the more reason for Bush not to pass the buck to the Court. But Bush clearly figures he doesn't need what would play in the media as another Enron-related political headache. Meanwhile, he can raise more hard money—the limits for which are doubled by the bill—than any other presidential candidate, so why should he put himself out over the general fortunes of the Republican party, let alone the Democratic party? Finally, his aides are sometimes reported to think that signing the bill would rob John McCain of his signature issue and any chance of mounting an independent bid in 2004. But no one outside the most devoted McCainiacs thinks such a scenario is plausible. The fact is that the public has little interest in campaign-finance reform. Bush would pay little or no political price for giving it the veto it so richly deserves, and asking Congress to send him another version that, at the very least, is clearly constitutional.

But Bush seems likely to listen to the smart set, instead of what one assumes would be his better instincts. Conservatives were forewarned that, for instance, Bush's education policy might not be much to their liking. He had promised as much for two years. His support for an over-regulatory campaign-finance reform would be something different, not just a disappointment, but a betrayal.

OBITUARY

Vernon Walters, R.I.P.

THE Quiet Man departed this world at Good Samaritan Medical Center, the cause of death, as he'd have wished, unstated. On hearing of his unobtrusive death in Palm Beach, friends and admirers took it for granted that the Good Samaritan hospital took the very best care of the good Samaritan dying in its hands. If Vernon Walters was conscious, he'd have received the last rites of the Catholic Church, whose God he thought himself as having committed his life work to, although what he did was work for the United States, an ungodly nation much of the time Walters

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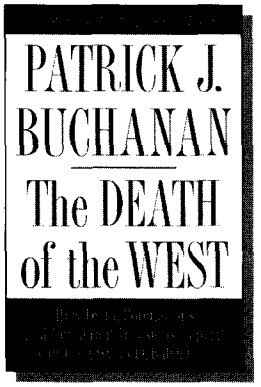
- ★ Why aging populations may force developed nations to choose between mass immigration and mass euthanasia
- ★ Why the Christian majority in America was routed
- ★ Why our young women are not having children
- ★ Why immigrants from Mexico will never assimilate
- ★ Why the GOP may be history by 2010
- ★ Six terrible consequences of the overthrow of the moral order
- ★ The "absolute correlation" between religious faith and large families — and between loss of faith and population decline
- ★ Five ways you can enlist now to preserve Christian America

Empty doomsaying? "*The Death of the West* is not a prediction of what is going to happen," Buchanan clarifies, "it is a depiction of what is happening now."



True or False?
QUIZ

Answers found in Buchanan's blockbuster

- ◆ By 2050, only 1/10 of the world's people will be of European descent – and it will be the oldest tenth, median age 50
- ◆ In the 1990s, immigrants and their children were responsible for 100% of the population growth of California, New York, New Jersey, Illinois and Massachusetts
- ◆ In a recent survey, fewer than half of Ivy League college seniors could name the author of the Gettysburg Address – while 98% could identify rapper Snoop Doggy Dogg
- ◆ In 1999, a St. Louis school principal was fired for wishing students "Merry Christmas" over the P.A. system
- ◆ White people in London will be a minority by 2010
- ◆ The number of *illegal* aliens in America equals the combined populations of Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut
- ◆ FBI statistics show 223 murders in 1998 were committed by Arab nationals
- ◆ America's most-used high-school history textbook mentions Martin Luther King 67 times – and Thomas Jefferson only twice.
- ◆ There are 1500 mosques in Germany
- ◆ Outside of Muslim Albania, not one of Europe's 47 nations is producing enough babies to replace its population
- ◆ The Third World adds 100 million people – one new Mexico – every fifteen months

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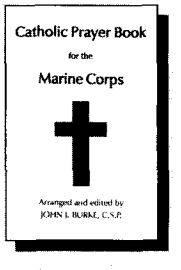

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was active, but reasonably adjudged the best-intentioned country of the 20th century.

Walters was at once the invisible man, and the man, asked to speak out, utterly plainspoken, wittily dogmatic, searchingly thoughtful. He was a consummate craftsman: You had to be out of sight when you were interpreting for Eisenhower and de Gaulle, Kissinger and Pompidou, note-taking for Truman when he fired Douglas MacArthur, sneaking Kissinger into Paris to meet secretly with the Vietnamese, serving as deputy chief, then acting director, of the CIA. But when his views were asked, on questions he thought himself entitled to speak out about, the words, thoughts, reflections, history, and witticisms poured forth, ingenuous questions corrected, sarcasm and cynicism handled, the questioner left barely alive to tell the tale.

It happens that I saw him often, because he spent many days on passenger liners participating in seminars we both engaged in. He was getting creaky, at 85, and needed his nephew to get him about, but he omitted nothing that was going on, in part a preternatural disposition to do his duty, in part an appetite to see and hear everything. The intelligence officer off-duty is sometimes governed by the habits of an intelligence officer on-duty. In his company one found oneself supposing, on hearing Walters handle German and Spanish, French and Italian, Dutch, Portuguese, and Russian, that his mind traveled from any one language to any other seriatim, because his mind worked that way, taking it all in.

Although his business in later years was diplomacy, his craft was intelligence, and the two blended in his hands. His mien was grouchy, the corners of his lips turned down, his arms crossed, as he might have looked receiving a tirade from Khrushchev with duties to pass the ordure on to Jack Kennedy. I asked him, on a television program at a time when the CIA was under especially heavy pressure, about his calling. He replied in one breath, "We have a great ambivalence toward intelligence. The average American thinks it's something that isn't very clean, it isn't very American and the Founding Fathers wouldn't like it. Well, I have news for them. George Washington was one of the most prolific readers of other people's mail. Benjamin Franklin was assistant postmaster of British North America before the Revolution when we were all loyal subjects of George III. He was busy opening all the British mail. They caught him. They sent him to London to stand trial before the Privy Council. They found him guilty. Before they could sentence him, he skipped off to France to conduct the covert operation that was to bring France into the war on the side of the Revolution. Now this was a remarkable achievement, seeing that Anthony Eden's great-great-great-grandfather had fully penetrated Benjamin Franklin's office. Franklin's valet was a British agent, his secretary was a British agent, and we have some doubts about one of the three commissioners."

That was a mouthful, and he spoke in mouthfuls. But he was, in spite of it, a man of great diffidence. My most memorable encounter with him was at the steps of the White House. He was passing through the usual checkpoint at the west gate and had his sister with him.

The Secret Service would not let them in: They had no data on his sister, and for all the Secret Service knew, this septuagenarian lady was really Mata Hari. I was behind in line, and behind me was Ted Williams, conversing with the chancellor of the University of Chicago. Ours was a line of people invited to the White House that day in January 1991 to receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom; and there the former head of the CIA was holding up the line. He just stood there, waiting for something to happen, so that he could have a family member at hand when the president of the United States hung a medal about his neck.

—WFB

OBITUARY

Richard Grenier, R.I.P.

THROUGH the most important decade of the 20th century, Richard Grenier was the most important film critic in the world. If that sounds a slightly grudging encomium for a writer of great range and variety, what should be added is that he made film criticism his surfboard for wide-ranging cultural, moral, and political criticism. And surfing against the waves, he nonetheless rode them triumphantly until he landed in 1989 to find that the world had unexpectedly shaken itself awake and agreed with him.

Before his emergence as *Commentary*'s film critic in 1980, however, Grenier had lived the kind of eventful life that writers used to live before the age of NEA grants and writer-in-residence sinecures. He was educated at Harvard and took an engineering degree at the Naval Academy. As a young naval officer he both won a boxing championship and formed a lifelong friendship with Daniel Patrick Moynihan—two activities that somehow explain each other. He served a long apprenticeship in workaday journalism in Europe, where his wife, Cynthia, was the representative for a Hollywood studio. He was arrested as a Western spy during the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Reporting from Paris for the *Financial Times*, he became for a while the landlord to Roger Vadim and Jane Fonda (in her pre-feminist prime). And then, as people say of those who hone their skills and amass just the right experience over decades, he became an overnight success. It is hard to exaggerate the impact of Grenier's first few reviews for *Commentary* in 1980. Everybody seemed to be discussing them, recommending them to friends, reading passages from them over the phone through shouts of laughter. Within a short time his reviews were being devoured by people who, even if they never went to the movies, nonetheless ate up his fantastical stew of Tory wit, general cultural erudition, well-researched knowledge of the films' topics, and absorbing readability. From *Mutiny on the Bounty* to *Gandhi* to the James Bond series, each review was in itself a short college course by an unusually well-traveled professor who had learned to

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detect intellectual fraud and to despise intellectual credulity in the face of totalitarianism. Those reviews, reprinted in his 1991 book *Capturing the Culture*, will educate, provoke, and delight as long as Hollywood makes movies.

Grenier's brilliance was perceived even by those who felt its lash. The *New York Times* hired him as its roving critic to redress the fashion-struck nihilism of its cultural pages. But the paper balked when he performed this task too well. He moved to the more congenial pages of the *Washington Times*, where for 14 years he dissected the follies of America's collapsing culture in a column of Martini-dry wit. He wrote a comic novel, *The Marrakesh One-Two*, on the then-undetected menace of Islamo-fascism; surely the book is now ripe for republication. And he wrote—too infrequently, but always brilliantly—for NATIONAL REVIEW.

Reading Richard Grenier, to use Kingsley Amis's words in praise of an earlier satirist, "one feels that THEY can never win." And though THEY dominate the battleground of cultural criticism where Grenier pitched his tent, he never lost so much as a skirmish. Richard Grenier died in Washington on January 29, leaving Cynthia, his devoted wife of 43 years, and his many friends to mourn a great loss but also to celebrate a talent lived to the full.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I noticed in your Dec. 31 issue that W. H. von Dreele committed a common but regrettable error in his poem "Daschle's Guilty Pleasure." The seventh reindeer in Clement Clarke Moore's poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," was named *Donder* by Mr. Moore, not Donner.

I can't imagine myself pointing this out to any other publication, but I thought that you, of all people, would like to know.

Louis H. Sanford
Elk Rapids, Mich.

Dear Mr. Sanford: Mr. Buckley's
Asked me to reply
Concerning Donner/Donder; since the
Former's faulty, I
Can only say my mother read it
The way I wrote it. Give her credit.

W. H. von Dreele
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: How do you explain the frequent usage in journalism (as in the Dec. 3 issue of NR) of a phrase such as "a college acquaintance of Evelyn Waugh's," when the word "of" makes the possessive unnecessary?

Don R. Gerlach
Akron, Ohio

Dear Mr. Gerlach: But that's the way the language is spoken. We say "a friend of Bob's" even though the possessive is redundant.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I've been meaning to ask you about Matthew 6:19 ("Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt . . ."), which was the subject of a discussion in N&A some years ago.

Is the sentence in the King James Version grammatically correct? If the subject of the clause is compound ("moth and dust"), shouldn't the verb be "do," not "doth"?

Sincerely,
Gould B. Hagler Jr.
Sandy Springs, Ga.

Dear Mr. Hagler: Yes, but Matthew never said he was a stickler on grammar, right?

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I was recently amused to hear a circuit-court judge in Miami-Dade County, Fla., comment, at a hearing involving a recalcitrant witness's answers to deposition questions, that she would not tolerate such "Clintonesque" responses. It appears that Mr. Clinton's legacy, at least in the judicial arena, is to have his name associated with evasive, dishonest, and deceitful sworn testimony.

I guess this goes along with the additional honor of having had to resign from the Supreme Court bar rather than be permanently disbarred.

Sincerely,
Mary Lingerfeldt, Esq.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Rereading Plato's dialogue, the *Sophist*, I was struck by how Bill Clinton absorbed the habit of parsing out definitions while studying at Oxford. Three quotes from that dialogue, translated by Oxford's own Benjamin Jowett:

(1) STRANGER: I said that not-being is unutterable, unspeakable, indescribable: Do you follow?

THEAETETUS: I do after a fashion.

STRANGER: When I introduced the word "is," did I not contradict what I said before?

(2) STRANGER: And yet it should not be defined as one of many, and should not even be called "it," for the use of the word "it" would imply a form of unity.

(3) STRANGER: Suppose that a person would profess that he knew how to make and do all things, by a single art.

THEAETETUS: All things?

STRANGER: I see that you do not understand the first word that I utter, for you do not understand the meaning of "all."

So we can conclude that Clinton's stay at Oxford was not all wasted.

Regards,
Warren C. Fisher
Blue Bell, Pa.

Dear Mr. Fisher: We are all instructed. Thanks.

—WFB

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■ POLITICS ■

Happy Days Aren't Here for Them

The Dems' bind

RAMESH PONNURU

NOT since the height of the Gingrich revolution in 1995 have Republicans been as strong as they are now. President Bush has been more popular for more weeks than any president since they started taking presidential-approval polls—indeed, for longer than his top aides expected at the start of the war. Eighty-five percent of the public approves of the job Bush is doing, with about 60 percent "strongly" approving. People trust him over Democrats not just on foreign policy, but on economic policy. In a number of polls, his popularity is rubbing off on congressional Republicans. So the question on the minds of Republicans and Democrats alike is: Just how long will it last?

Polls come and go, and only a fool would try to predict where they'll be this coming November, let alone in November 2004. But polls are not the only reason for Democrats to worry. And their situation could well get worse.

What drives Democrats crazy is that before September 11, they thought they had the Republicans where they wanted them: playing defense on health care, campaign-finance reform, and the environment. The recession was also bound to hurt the GOP.

When the attacks happened, Democrats were paralyzed—but only briefly. They quickly settled on the optimistic analysis of the war's effects on politics: It wouldn't have any. Democratic strategists James Carville, Stanley Greenberg, and Bob Shrum wrote a memo saying that Democrats should support the president on the war while clobbering his party on domestic issues. It was these latter issues that would sway voters in the 2002 elections. And while Bush was popular, the public had "underlying doubts" that would eventually, with Democratic help, resurface. The 2001 elections, in which Republicans lost the governorships of Virginia and New Jersey, seemed to confirm this analysis.

By Roman Genn

Then a curious thing happened. At the very moment when the recession became impossible to ignore and the budget surplus vanished—the moment when Democrats expected to start scoring points—Bush moved decisively ahead of them in the polls about whom voters trust on economic and budgetary issues. Voters were willing to trust Bush with their pocketbooks, it turned out, as well as their lives. Nobody's talking about "underlying doubts" any more.

Worse for the Democrats, it turned out that Bush was not going to ignore domestic issues while prosecuting a war—confounding their hopes that he would repeat his father's mistake. In December, administration officials accused Tom Daschle of blocking the economic-stimulus bill for political reasons; somewhat surprisingly, a narrow majority of the public agreed with that complaint. In January, the president himself got into the fray when Daschle made a speech criticizing Bush's tax cuts. Bush said he wouldn't allow the Democrats to raise taxes by repealing some of his cuts. Several of Daschle's Democratic colleagues, terrified of looking like tax-raisers, sided with Bush. The media, meanwhile, zinged Daschle because he wasn't willing to say he would repeal Bush's tax cuts. Daschle retreated.

Bush keeps coming out with new initiatives: One day it's health care, the next the environment. As long as he does, it's hard for Democrats to charge Republicans with indifference to domestic concerns. Republican strategist Ralph Reed compares Bush's political achievement to Bill Clinton's: "By the time we got to 1996, we [Republicans] had lost our advantages on taxes, welfare, and crime, and [Clinton] owned education. Now President Bush is moving similarly to own taxes and the military while negating traditional Democratic advantages on education and health care. That is a box I don't think the Democrats can get out of."

Many of the issues Democrats have left seem unlikely to help them. The economy appears to be recovering. Democrats are trying to make the deficit an issue, but it's not much of a rallying cry. "You can't eat or drink the deficit," says Democratic political analyst Ruy Teixeira. "It doesn't mean as much to people as it does to congressmen." Moreover, Democrats who complain about the deficit have trouble explaining what they would do about it: raise taxes? cut defense spending? At a time when Democrats are already disunified—too many of them are thinking about running for president for them not to be—raising this issue only adds to the problem.

The Democrats have invested heavily in the Enron scandal—but like Enron's employees, they don't have much to show for their investment. A mid-February Gallup poll asked whether voters thought "the problems associated with Enron" involved mostly the Republican party, or both parties "about equally." Twenty percent fingered Republicans, while 65 percent said both parties. The public is much more likely to suspect congressional Democrats of improper behavior toward Enron than to fault Bush.

Under the circumstances, Democrats will almost certainly feel compelled to hammer Republicans on entitlements with even more vigor than usual. Here they may actually be able to make some

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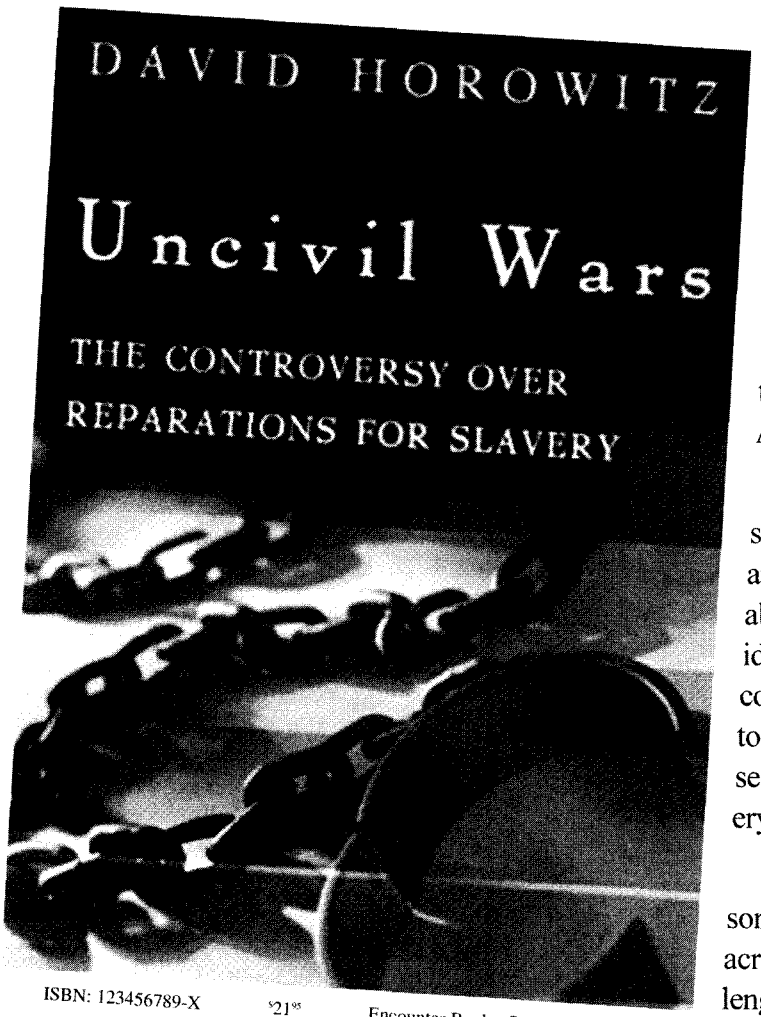
Reparations and 9/11



Two months after the World Trade Center attack, Atlanta mayor Bill Campbell welcomed 700 attendees to the "State of the Black World Conference" with this applause line: "While the rest of the world waves the flag of Americana, we understand we are not part of that." Al Sharpton then told the throng: "We don't owe America anything; America owes us."

These outbursts expose a racial fissure in the body politic as deep as the ambivalence felt by some black citizens about their identity as Americans. The idea that blacks owe nothing to their country while America owes everything to them is the core theme of a movement seeking reparations for the crime of slavery, committed more than a century ago.

Last year, in a campaign met by censorship and angry protests at colleges across the nation, David Horowitz challenged the reparations claim with these self-evident truths: America gave birth to the idea that all men are created equal, paid a heavy price to end slavery, and has made generous payment on its debt to African Americans alive today. America deserves the gratitude of all its citizens--including blacks--for rights and privileges the sacrifices of their countrymen have made possible.

Now comes **UNCIVIL WARS,** Horowitz's book about these events. This remarkable work is the most searching look yet at the intellectual and moral bankruptcy of the reparations idea. It is also a searing report on the imperiled status of free speech at American universities, describing the extraordinary effort it took one man to get a simple hearing for ideas vital to our national debate. As Black History Month is upon us, **UNCIVIL WARS** demands a place on the calendar.

David Horowitz has written a *J'Accuse* about the reign of terror by racial demogogues on American college campuses, and a patriotic hymn to one nation indivisible--blacks and whites together--with liberty and justice for all.

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headway—especially if Republicans go wobbly under the attack. Democrats might even be able to eke out a decent result in November based on better organization and factors peculiar to individual races.

But what Democrats should really dread is that the war will become an issue in the November elections. The conventional wisdom continues to be that it won't. The Democrats are still taking every opportunity to say that they support Bush on the war—an approach that shields them from danger but, it's worth noting, doesn't do anything to build up their own credibility on the issue. But what if we invade Iraq? A lot of Democratic congressmen and senators would be viscerally opposed, and many of their supporters would be too. Polls, on the other hand, have shown strong support for toppling Saddam ever since September 11.

Republicans aren't getting overconfident, but they are certainly in a good mood. Don Fierce, a GOP consultant, says, "I don't know a Republican who, if you asked them if you'd rather be in our spot or their spot—everyone understands you'd rather be in our spot. When people are selling out of flags and ammunition, that's good for the Republican party." **NR**

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■ **THE ADMINISTRATION** ■

Of Human Bondage

U.S. policy and international sex trafficking

KATE O'BEIRNE

EVERY year, at least 700,000 human beings are traded for profit like so much property. In his battle against this international human trafficking, Chris Smith—a Republican congressman from New Jersey—has undertaken retail rescue operations as well as wholesale policy reforms. Two years ago, La Strada, a Ukrainian group that assists victims of traffickers, appealed to Smith to help eight young women from Ukraine who had been recruited to work as waitresses in Montenegro. They were actually being forced to work in local brothels and were fearful of the local police—who were apparently complicit in the operation, which was run by one of their former colleagues. He held the girls' passports after they were "sold" to him. Smith immediately contacted Montenegro's prime minister, who ordered a raid of the brothel that freed seven of the Ukrainian girls as well as a young woman from Romania. The eighth Ukrainian had disappeared, having reportedly been "resold" to an individual in Albania.

Hoping to rescue the tens of thousands of women held in similar sexual bondage, Smith wrote landmark legislation to pressure countries to end this barbaric practice. In the past, Smith's efforts were dismissed by a complacent international community, and opposed by the Clinton administration. But in 2000, when Smith's bill passed unanimously in the Senate (with the indispensable help of Kansas senator Sam Brownback), and nearly unanimously in the House, President Clinton took credit—characteristically—for the legislation his administration had strenuously opposed. Clinton's Interagency Council on Women (honorary chairman: Hillary Clinton) had lobbied unsuccessfully to narrow the definition of prohibited sexual trafficking to exclude "consensual" prostitution. The Clinton view that prostitution is a legitimate career option for women reflected the position of some feminists, notably Ann Jordan, director of the International Human Rights Law Group's Initiative Against Trafficking in Persons. Last year, Jordan offered an analogy, quoted in *The American Prospect*: "We don't support a woman's right to choose because we think abortion is a great thing, but because we believe fundamentally that women should have control over their own reproductive capacity. The same argument can be made for prostitution. Women who decide for whatever reason to sell sex should have the right to control their own body."

The Clinton administration's position—pro-choice on prostitution—met a firestorm of criticism from William Bennett and Chuck Colson, but also from Gloria Steinem, Patricia Ireland, and Eleanor Smeal. Critics on both right and left agreed that desperate women were unable to give meaningful "consent" to their own sexual exploitation, and would (in the words of an angry letter anti-prostitution feminists wrote to President Clinton) "shield many traffickers in the global sex trade from prosecution."

And the trade is thriving. The U.N. estimates that human trafficking reaps $7 billion a year. Even the watchdogs themselves bear watching: Members of the U.N.'s International Police Force in Bosnia, where sexual trafficking has become an international scandal, have been accused of transporting young girls from Eastern Europe to local brothels. And the traffickers are a domestic as well as an international problem: An estimated 50,000 trafficking victims, overwhelmingly women and children, are brought to the U.S. every year. In February 1998, there was a raid of brothels in rural south Florida where Mexican girls, some as young as 13, were forced to have sex with dozens of men a day. The evidence of beatings, drug addiction, and forced abortions prompted one federal judge to call this trafficking case "one of the most base, most vile, most despicable, most reprehensible crimes" he had ever encountered. A trafficking ring in Atlanta imported nearly 1,000 women from

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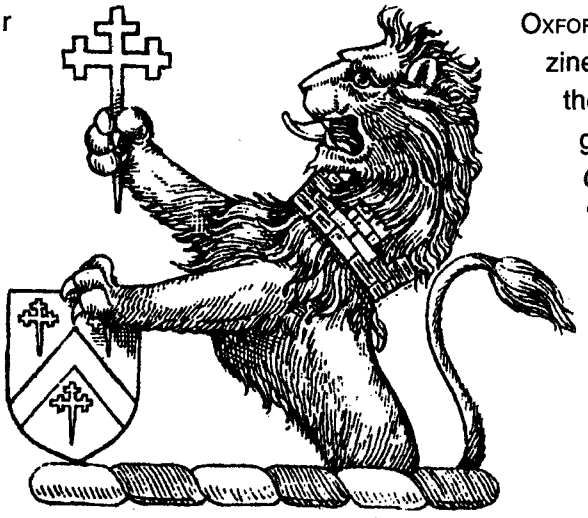

You've heard, time after time, that Jesus is the Lamb of God. "Sweet Jesus, meek and mild." The Lamb metaphor has its place, but in this day and age it very much needs to be augmented by the metaphor of Christ the Lion. After all, Jesus was a burly carpenter, not a fey hairdresser, which He is in danger of being thought of these days.

When we see Christ again, He will come, not as a lamb, but as a powerful lion, manifesting His glory and judging the world.

Revelation 5:5 says: "Weep not; lo, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has conquered...." Weep not! Yes, we live in a time — and will for the foreseeable future — when loyal Catholics mourn for their Church, even for their own diocese or parish or both. But neither sorrow nor gloom nor darkness will have the last word. Christ *will* triumph — yea, not least in His Church.

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Asia who were forced to work in debt bondage as prostitutes.

Over President Clinton's objections, the 2000 law mandated a yearly assessment of countries' anti-trafficking efforts, and provided for sanctions against both destination and source countries that fail to meet minimal standards in discouraging trafficking. Last July, secretary of state Colin Powell released the first of these annual reports. Countries are rated according to their records on prosecuting traffickers and protecting victims. Among those on the "Tier 3" list of countries that fail to meet even minimal standards are Greece, Indonesia, Israel, Pakistan, Russia, Saudi Arabia, and South Korea. (Vietnam and Cambodia were inexplicably spared Tier 3 status, despite the widespread corruption in both countries that contributes to widespread trafficking.) In two years, Tier 3 countries will be denied non-humanitarian aid unless President Bush grants a "national interest" waiver. The next list is to take into account opinions from human-rights groups in assessing whether countries that meet minimal legal standards, like Germany and Japan, are making real progress in reducing the incidence of trafficking within their borders.

Laura Lederer, now a deputy senior adviser to Powell, published the first comprehensive report on human trafficking when she directed the Protection Project at Johns Hopkins University. Lederer documented the sale of thousands of young Vietnamese women to agents in China, where men have trouble finding wives. (Congressman Smith points out the reason for the shortage of women in China: the regime's one-child policy, combined with the social prejudice against girls.) In Cambodia, the sex industry has grown along with the tourist trade, and girls are commonly sold into prostitution; studies have found that up to 40 percent of "sex workers" in Cambodia test HIV positive. Last year, Lederer reported that the number of children in prostitution in Cambodia has rapidly increased. The price tag for children in the sexual marketplace, however, rapidly decreases: A young virgin is sold to rich clients for between $400 and $700 a week, then quickly winds up in the open red-light district where the now-damaged goods command only $1.50 to $2.50 per client.

Administration officials note that the first annual report on trafficking is having its desired effect, with Tier 3 countries eager to take the necessary steps to avoid showing up on the sanctions list. According to Paula Dobriansky, under secretary of state with responsibility for a new anti-trafficking office, "the report has been one of the most significant tools we have used in elevating this issue internationally."

Other recent developments will help. Changes in U.S. law that increase prison terms for traffickers and provide new protections for their victims are being cited as a model for other countries. And in January, attorney general John Ashcroft announced that special "T visas" will be provided for those who suffer the most serious trafficking abuses, to protect them from deportation so they are available to testify against their captors.

Despite the laudable work of Powell and Ashcroft, the administration's human-rights allies believe that the new team hasn't moved aggressively enough to counter the legacy of Clinton-era policies in the bureaucracy. Meetings with the career diplomat who heads the State Department's anti-trafficking office have raised doubts about her experience with the issue and her commitment to the cause. In congressional testimony last fall, Dobriansky told wary lawmakers that, unlike its immediate predecessor, the Bush administration opposes all forms of prostitution; but career bureaucrats who enthusiastically promoted the Clinton administration's policies remain in key staff positions, grants continue to be awarded to groups that support "consensual" prostitution, and Ann Jordan remains a federally funded speaker on the international anti-trafficking circuit.

President Bush helped to rally support for the war in Afghanistan by highlighting the Taliban's oppression of women. While the toppling of the regime has liberated women from the burka, Bush has yet to speak out against the sexual bondage that enslaves tens of thousands of women around the world. The campaign to end all international trafficking in all forms of prostitution is supported by the feminist Left as well as the Christian Right. This is an effort Bush should be leading—by forcefully and unambiguously declaring his support for the principle that women are not to be sold. **NR**

■ **ABROAD** ■

Axis to Grind

Jitters in Korea over Bush's bold stance

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

SEOUL

THREE days before the arrival of President Bush, detachments of South Korean security police, complete with black uniforms, riot shields, and visors, are stationed outside public buildings throughout the South Korean capital. At some locations, they stare back impassively at small clumps of student demonstrators holding placards that depict the U.S. president and (presumably) denounce him in elegant calligraphy.

In the past, student demonstrations in Seoul have become full-scale riots and toppled governments. It would be reckless to assume that they might not seriously disrupt public order this time. But the guesstimate of most people is that the anti-American Left will now behave with reasonable decorum. The Left senses that the South Korean establishment and public both have some sympathy with its own visceral hostility to Bush's "axis of evil" rhetoric—and to the hardening U.S. policy toward North Korea that it portends.

South Koreans are actually of two minds about the North. They would like to see the reunification of the peninsula, and so resent anything that seems to postpone that eventuality; but they also fear and hate North Korea's brutal totalitarian regime, and so resent anything that seems to strengthen it. Thus, public support for President Kim Dae Jung's "sunshine" policy of gradual steps to reunification zigzags up and down, depending on whether it is seen as prudent patriotic diplomacy or appeasement.

Until recently, it was starting to look like appeasement. North Korea, under its ruthless dictator Kim Jong Il, had

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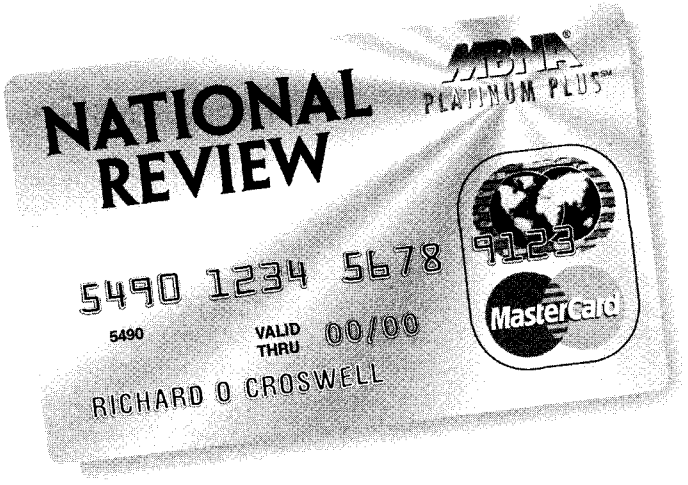
VALUE



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taken no steps towards a real rapprochement with the South apart from permitting some well-publicized family reunions and accepting some high-profile South Korean investment projects. In particular, the rebuilding of the Dorasan Bridge (where Bush is scheduled to speak), which was meant to relink the old Seoul–Pyongyang railroad line as a symbol of the success of the sunshine policy, now looks like a symbol of its failure. The South has relaid the track, rebuilt the station, and strengthened the bridge's foundations; the North has done nothing. Sunshine looked like it was setting.

As a result, the opposition Grand National Party, which has been critical of Kim's approach, was gaining in the polls. This suited Washington nicely. As my UPI colleague Martin Walker noted, the GNP's leading candidate for the presidency, Lee Hoi Chang, as well as being skeptical about sunshine, also endorses U.S. plans for missile defense—whereas Kim has joined Vladimir Putin in expressing "concern" about them. U.S. officials recently gave Lee a warm reception in Washington.

Bush seemed to be going with the flow of Korean politics—but that was true only as long as he remained silent and gained from the Korean public's growing fear of appeasement. As soon as he denounced the "axis of evil," he immediately aroused the contrary fear that the U.S. was impeding Korean unity. That nervousness has been expressed with diplomatic restraint by President Kim, but his supporters in the media have been more forthright. The pro-government *Hankyoreh Shinmun* editorialized that "ensuring peace on the peninsula may be an unimportant issue to [Bush], but it is a matter of life and death to us. The U.S. should halt its unilateral and militaristic moves undermining efforts for peace by North and South Korea, the owners of the Korean peninsula."

Of course, peace would not exist in Korea without the presence of 35,000 U.S. troops; the same goes for the South Korean state, whose independence and prosperity are the wards of U.S. trade and defense policy. If the U.S. is not the owner of the Korean peninsula, it is nonetheless paying a hefty chunk of the mortgage.

However resentful and counterproductive the *Hankyoreh Shinmun*'s argument may be, it nonetheless draws on powerful forces. Like all peace processes, the sunshine policy confuses a generalized desire for peace with the specific process designed to achieve it. This confusion gives a clear rhetorical and even moral advantage to the sunshine boys. Thus, Lee Hoi Chang has to insist on his support for peaceful reunification even as he criticizes Kim's approach to it. By violating this moral etiquette, Bush's frankness unsettled people.

Underlying the desire for peace, however, is a more elemental force: fear of North Korea. That fear is all too realistic. North Korea is a totalitarian dictatorship that oppresses, starves, and regiments its people to an almost surrealistic extent. It maintains one of the largest standing armies in the world. It is seeking the capability to build weapons of mass destruction. And although it is wholly dependent on outside food aid to feed its people, it repeatedly outrages international opinion by its foreign-policy adventurism—most notably, by firing a rocket over Japan.

All this is possible in part because Pyongyang enjoys a curiously asymmetrical relationship with Seoul. South Korea is several centuries ahead of the North in economic development, but its economic success paradoxically increases its vulnerability. Seoul, a prosperous city of 20 million people, is less than an hour's drive from the DMZ. A North Korean blitzkrieg against it would certainly be repulsed eventually, and doubtless punished by U.S. bombing raids over Pyongyang. By then, however, Seoul might have been overrun and destroyed. Nor would an invasion be necessary to attack Seoul. In addition to any weapons of mass destruction it may have covertly acquired, Pyongyang has conventional weapons of sufficient size and range to inflict enormous damage on Seoul while remaining within its own borders.

North Korean dictator Kim Jong Il by Roman Genn

Seoul's vulnerability explains the nervousness with which Koreans view almost any developments in policy towards the North. A similarly ambivalent view is taken in other Asian capitals. Senior diplomatic journalists on the *Japan Times* laid out all the reasons for the sunshine approach—the North could not outrage international opinion *too* much without losing crucial food aid; the successful economic reforms of its only friend, China, would surely lead to a similar perestroika in Pyongyang; time itself might soften the regime—before concluding grimly that, even so, North Korea was a dangerously unpredictable neighbor. Japan's prime minister, Junichiro Koizumi, is believed to have reached the same wary conclusion. And though Japan is uneasy about Bush's firmness, its support for Kim's policy is also lukewarm.

What prevents both Koreans and Japanese from simply endorsing a continuation of the sunshine policy is that the North Korean response combines intransigence with dissimulation. All totalitarianism, of course, rests on lying. But North Korea takes it to an extreme that would have dazzled Potemkin. Some years ago when Pyongyang was hosting some Olympic events, Anthony Daniels, corresponding for NATIONAL REVIEW, visited a department store packed with consumer goods and full of shoppers. Noticing that none of them were buying the goods on display, however, he lingered behind until the store closed to witness the "shoppers" being paid for their trouble. It had been a charade to impress Western visitors.

A far more chilling example of such comprehensive deception is Pyongyang's nuclear shenanigans. As described by the sardonic Canadian

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columnist, David Warren, in the *Ottawa Citizen*, they have the surreal logic of a nightmare:

> The regime went to great lengths to build a fake underground nuclear reprocessing facility at Kumchangri, complete with all visual signatures including water channels for coolant, in response to U.S. pressure to widen inspections. They then generously agreed to let the Yankees see this obvious "smoking gun" in 1999, and again in 2000. On both occasions, the inspectors found only a vast network of absolutely empty, freshly excavated tunnels. The trick was too clever by half (only the *New York Times* was fooled): for the North Koreans were unable to answer the natural question, "Why did you build these tunnels?" Or the supplementary, "Why can't we now visit the other ten sites?"

A regime that can waste scarce resources on such harebrained deceits while its people are starving is capable of any folly or atrocity—perhaps even of using a weapon of mass destruction and hoping to deny the fact. It is hardly surprising if conventionally hardheaded people are baffled by how to deal with it.

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The first principle in dealing with genuinely irrational regimes is to be unimpressed by irrationality.

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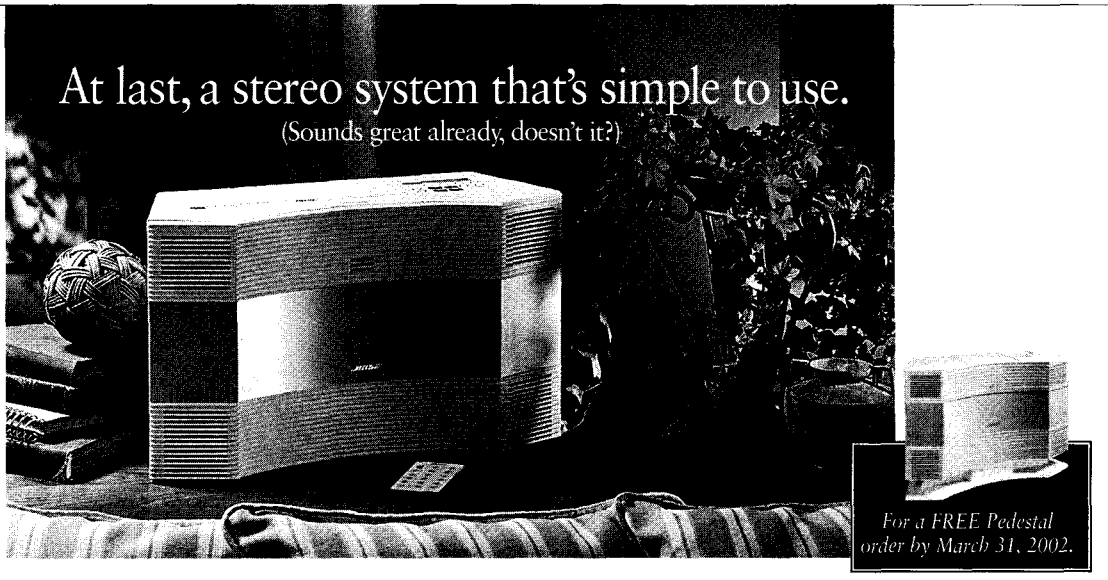
But the first principle in dealing with genuinely irrational regimes is to be unimpressed by irrationality. Pyongyang had to learn that it could not hope to make gains by making threats, and that its deceits would no longer be glossed over. It had to be put in its place—and its place is as part of an "axis of evil" of rogue states.

Once that principle has been clearly established, it need not be constantly reiterated—but it must be embodied in a firm policy. North Korea must be quietly given a series of choices that boil down to one choice: either gradually dismantle its programs to build and export weapons of mass destruction—or face the consequences. Bush, as he was arriving in Seoul, seemed to be adopting a combination of approaches, lowering the rhetorical temperature by tepidly endorsing the sunshine policy while also demanding the practical step that North Korea remove its long-range conventional weapons aimed at Seoul.

Pyongyang must now consider its options—not all of which are painful. There are, after all, two ways of leaving an axis of evil. There is the German way—being invaded, defeated, subjugated, and reeducated; and there is the Italian way—namely, surrendering on terms and getting cigarettes and chocolate from the arriving G.I.'s. The second option is the more appealing—if, that is, anyone in North Korea remembers what cigarettes and chocolate are. **NR**



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■ ABROAD II ■

'I Can't Just Do Nothing'

A heroine out of Cuba

JAY NORDLINGER

If she were any but an anti-Communist heroine, she might well be famous: the subject of documentaries, movies, songs. Her image might be on posters and T-shirts. The Nobel Committee would possibly murmur her name.

Actually, to call her an anti-Communist heroine is not quite right, because she is a pro-democracy, pro-freedom, pro-human rights heroine: and the tyranny she is fighting just happens to be Red. But her fame is confined to Cubans, Cuban-Americans, and the relative few who are interested in them.

Maritza Lugo Fernández left Cuba for American shores on January 11. Her reception at the airport in Miami was tumultuous. For many years, she has been one of the most stirring of Cuba's political prisoners and democratic oppositionists. Not yet 40 years old, she has been jailed more than 30 times. Her husband, Rafael Ibarra Roque, is president of one of the country's main opposition groups; he is in the eighth year of a 20-year sentence in one of Castro's prisons.

I interviewed Lugo at the home of supporters in New Jersey. Her face is serious, troubled, and absorbed; she looks as though she had a great weight on her shoulders. She did not want exile. She felt she had no choice, however, as her younger daughter, age eleven, had been increasingly miserable. The constant harassment by the regime and the ever-present danger had taken their toll. Sometimes both parents were in prison, which posed a particular hardship. Many Cubans dream of leaving for the United States—and die trying—but it was an excruciating sacrifice for Lugo to leave her husband, her cause, and her country. She did so for the girl. It seems certain, though, that Cuba has not seen the last of her.

The regime was only too happy to see Lugo go—they had been "encouraging" her to leave for many years. Her activities had gotten under their skin, of course. An effective, heroic, fearless oppositionist like Lugo "contaminates" others, which is to say, inspires them, and emboldens them. Lugo had also attracted a little international attention—so the regime felt it was better off without her.

Conditions in the prisons are wretched, as Lugo confirms: isolation, beatings, rats, druggings, spoiled food, strip searches, filth, disease, the withholding of medical care. The regime likes to boast that it does not execute people, and European diplomats are impressed. But there are many, many suicides—and if the suicide should happen to fail, further punishment is severe. A suicide attempt is a serious breach of discipline. Many go crazy, their minds taken from them as well as their physical freedom.

Maritza Lugo Fernández
by Ismael Roldan

Maritza Lugo has noticed that the world has reacted with alarm to the treatment of terrorist prisoners by Americans at Guantánamo Bay. What does she think of this? A trace of a smile crosses her otherwise sad face: "We [Cubans] would love to be treated that way."

The group to which Lugo and her husband belong, and which they help lead, is the Frank País November 30 Democratic Party (a mouthful). Who was Frank País? A democratic fighter against the Batista dictatorship (which preceded the Castro dictatorship). He was gunned down by fascist forces in 1957 (two years before Castro's seizure of power). Why November 30? That was the date—in 1956—of País's celebrated uprising in Santiago de Cuba.

Lugo's activities have consisted mainly in spreading the word about Cuba's political prisoners and trying to support the families of those prisoners. She has organized public demonstrations, in churches and on the streets. All of their activities are peaceful—but the actions directed against them by the might of the state are anything but.

A hopeful event in the life of Cuba came in 1998, when Pope John Paul II visited the island. Maritza Lugo was under house arrest at the time, but she joined the throng to hand out photos of political prisoners, and fliers about them, to the international press. She says, "For the little time the Pope was there, we felt free. We yelled things like, 'Freedom for Political Prisoners!' and 'Freedom for Cuba!' The state security surrounded us, as usual, but did not touch us." This accommodation lasted only as long as the Pope's visit did.

The journalists took the activists' photos and fliers, but they did so, says Lugo, "with a lot of fear. They said, 'Thank you, thank you,' and hurried away. They wouldn't ask questions. They seemed scared of receiving the information." Lugo relates this with another hint of a smile, as though having a hard time believing that foreign journalists—who were free, and untouchable by the regime—could be more scared than the oppositionists, who were risking everything. One gets the impression that, polite though she

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is, Lugo is amazed at the lack of courage of people who are lucky enough to be free.

From prison, in March of last year, Lugo wrote a "J'accuse," denouncing the abuses of the Castro system and appealing to the world community. She dared anyone with a conscience to discover the "raw truth" about Cuba. She tore into Castro's propaganda—about medicine, about literacy, about the races—and said that, with the success of that propaganda, the dictator was "laughing at the whole world." She decried a regime that turns people "into phonies and hypocrites merely to survive."

Lugo is a powerful writer—with powerful truths to tell. Her writings, taken together, have something about them of Martin Luther King's famous missive from the Birmingham jail. But, of course, the U.S. "civil rights" leadership is firmly pro-Castro, in the person of Jesse Jackson, Charles Rangel, and noxious others.

One cannot help being curious about what makes Lugo different from the mass of people: Why is she so brave and straightforward? How has she kept her sanity and morality in that system, which beats down individuals and breaks up families? She seems a little perplexed by the question: "People should be free. They should have basic rights. I see Rafael [her husband] being a victim all the time, and many others like him. I can't just do nothing." In addition, "I am a Christian. I have a conscience."

■

Lugo seems amazed at the lack of courage of people who are lucky enough to be free.

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Lately, there has been a steady parade of Americans down to Havana to see and embrace the dictator. Sen. Arlen Specter led one delegation. A member of his group gave Castro a New York Fire Department hat—a golden propaganda opportunity. Castro put it on, of course, and, according to a writer present, "Castro for at least one moment looked no different from Rudy Giuliani."

The kids in the "Semester at Sea" program stopped by. The dictator gave them a whole four hours, in which he lied and lied. Teachers and supervisors swooned. So did the students. One girl had a question for him: "Can I give you a hug?" Castro obliged.

Then, a clutch of congressmen from California brought along some of the state's wines for Castro to sip. They also had with them the singer Carole King, who serenaded the dictator with "You've Got a Friend."

Maritza Lugo and her fellow democrats, political prisoners, and sufferers have rather fewer friends, among American elites. I ask whether it is hard for her not to hate the likes of Carole King: "No. They just lack information. The regime fools them. They keep them away from ordinary people. They only

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come in contact with privileged people, carefully selected. It's all very controlled. I cannot hate them, because I know they are deceived."

I inform her that she is more generous than some of us. Lugo hopes to use her time in exile to open American eyes as to the horror that is the daily Cuban reality. I gently counter that Americans have had 43 years to learn. Perhaps those who have not learned . . . would rather not. She understands the challenge.

Of course, she would like to meet President Bush, whom she admires enormously, particularly for his leadership in the current war. She also notes that he seems more interested in Cuba than his predecessor. Above all, she would like to tell him—and other Americans—that the democratic opposition in Cuba is stronger than they may suppose, and that people are getting bolder, tasting that their day is coming. They are not content to wait for Castro to die in power; they want to see him forced from power, at last giving way to the democracy movement frustrated in the 1950s.

But they could use a little help—moral support, at a minimum.

Preparing a piece last year called "Who Cares About Cuba?" (NR, June 11), I asked Jeane Kirkpatrick about the general neglect of the Cuba democracy movement and Cuban political prisoners. After some reflection and sighing, she pronounced this "both a puzzling and a profoundly painful phenomenon of our times." I also talked to another former U.N. ambassador, the late Vernon Walters. He snapped, "The media would go to the death searching out Franco's or Pinochet's prisoners. But the attitude towards Castro's is, 'They probably deserve to be there anyway.' Anti-Communist prisoners are of no interest to anybody. A prisoner of a left-wing government is highly suspect, probably a fascist."

Yes, the name of Maritza Lugo should be in lights. Hollywood should come calling—her life story, all who know her agree, would be an extraordinary movie. But it is good that at least some of us know her. She is a great woman, who has endured much, who has spat at evil, and who is a living example of the Golden Rule, obeyed. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH** ■

Marks of Shame

Tattoos and what to do about them

THEODORE DALRYMPLE

REP. Lois Capps, Democrat of California, deserves some praise, however qualified: Her securing of money for the Liberty Tattoo Removal Program of San Luis Obispo County was, at least in theory, a good deed. It meant that she has a genuinely sympathetic appreciation of the plight of some of her poorer constituents.

Contrary to what her detractors and dyed-in-the-wool skeptics say, the social consequences of being tattooed, and therefore of tattoo removal, are by no means trivial or merely aesthetic. One might with justice adapt the old proverb about marriage to the adorning of the skin in this savage fashion: Tattoo in haste, repent at leisure.

Others also argue with the provenance of the funds that she has secured for the program: the Justice Department. To provide public funds for the amelioration of the consequences of private folly might be seen as an encouragement of that very folly. It sets up a perverse incentive. After all, if tattoos can be removed at public expense, why bother to think very carefully about having them done in the first place? Easy come, easy go.

But in fact the proposed terms under which tattoo removal will be performed at public expense are such that this cavalier attitude is unlikely to be promoted. The eligible tattooed will be those who have "gang-related" or "anti-social" tattoos so prominent as to prevent them from obtaining employment. The eligible tattooed will also have to promise not to tattoo themselves again, and to complete 16 hours of public service.

In any case, it seems to me highly unlikely that the kind of people who have themselves tattooed in this fashion ever give much thought to the long-term consequences of their decision. They have not hitherto been deterred by the expense of tattoo removal; it is unlikely, therefore, that they will henceforth be encouraged by its cheapness. The problem surely is that people who tattoo themselves in the first place don't think much about the future at all.

There are other, practical objections to the funding, however. The sum of money involved is very small: $50,000. According to a statement on Rep. Capps's website, this money will be used to hire a full-time program coordinator and for education to deter young people from getting tattoos. It is difficult to imagine that there will be much left over for the actual removal of tattoos, which tends to be an expensive business when performed properly. What is presented as tattoo removal is actually an expansion of a health-education bureaucracy of doubtful worth.

The removal of tattoos nevertheless remains a laudable aim, for they are often the visible sign that a man (only recently have women in any numbers had themselves tattooed) belongs to a violent, brutal, antisocial, and criminalized subculture. When a man with such tattoos says he wants them removed, therefore, he is in effect saying that he wants to change his life. He is tired of life among the tattooed.

And what is that life like? It is one of arbitrary and pointless aggression, caused by fragile egos, inflamed by the humiliation of personal failure and insignificance in an age that worships celebrity. It is a world in which a look, a glance, is taken as a challenge and is enough to provoke a vicious attack, for the guilty pursue where no man fleeth.

Several of my patients, for example, have had the words NO FEAR tattooed on the side of their neck, and all of them have been attacked in bars and pubs by other men of the tattooed class.

Mr. Dalrymple is a physician and psychiatrist in a hospital and prison located in a British slum. He is a contributing editor of *City Journal*, and his latest book is a collection of essays: *Life at the Bottom: The Worldview That Makes the Underclass*.

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The words are taken as an invitation to such an attack: for if a man says he has no fear, he must mean that he does not find other men fearful. Tough guys regard this as a terrible insult to their manhood, and so launch a preemptive strike. One of my patients thus adorned had had his skull fractured four times as a result.

Many tattooed people—particularly those with the most aggressive tattoos—have themselves tattooed at an early age, the age of indiscretion, when they strongly desire to join the subculture I have described. The consequences for them are long-lasting, however. Recently I met a man with several tattoos, among them one on the palm of his right hand reading, "Pleased to meet you—now f*** off." He had had it done when he was 17 years old. He told me that he now wanted a job in the retail trade, but so far all employers had declined his services.

■

While it is not true that all tattooed people are criminals, it is almost true that all criminals are tattooed.

■

With the unctuous mealy-mouthedness commonly known as political correctness, Rep. Capps's website explains the rationale of her proposal that such tattoos be removed at public expense:

> People with tattoos often find themselves being unfairly stereotyped in a way that makes it difficult to find employment or be promoted to higher, better paying positions. The Liberty Tattoo Program works with people in our community to help erase this social stigma.

The point about the social stigma is, of course, that it is entirely justified. Indeed, if only it were a little stronger, people might not indulge in this primitive behavior to begin with. When a man has "Kill the Pigs" emblazoned on his hands or arms, it is best to assume that he is not an apostle of law and order.

In Britain, for example, the vast majority of white imprisoned criminals (and a growing percentage of darker prisoners too, though their skins are not suited to it) are tattooed. Indeed, the statistical association between tattooing and criminality is far stronger than that between criminality and any other factor, smoking perhaps excepted. While it is not true that all tattooed people are criminals, of course, it is almost true that all criminals are tattooed. Thus the tattooed are grossly "over-represented" in our penal establishments.

The consequences of blithely ignoring the social stigma, on the grounds that one should make no such judgments, are very serious, especially for women. A woman who willfully ignores aggressive tattoos in the selection of her consort is more likely than average to find herself being beaten severely. The refusal to take heed is gradually ascending the social scale. Recently, several nurses in my hospital have consulted me about their "relationships." Indoctrinated during their schooling and their training with the dim ideology of non-judgmentalism, they have ignored the visible signs of the unsuitability of the men they have selected, and have found themselves soon afterwards caught up in a spider's web of insensate jealousy, possessiveness, threats, and violence, from which it is difficult to escape without enormous upheaval. The men who torture them—and torture is hardly too strong a word for it—are all tattooed. If only these nurses had stigmatized as they should have done, their miseries would have been avoided.

The insincerity of Rep. Capps's justification is patent and obvious, and indicative of our growing inability to confront obvious truths by speaking of them in simple words. We hide our meaning more delicately than the Victorians covered up piano legs, if in fact they did so (which they didn't). The congresswoman does not suggest, as in other contexts she surely might, that an education program should seek to reduce the stigmatization of the tattooed, to educate our youth not to judge the tattooed adversely, to indoctrinate them into believing that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with having "F*** the System" indelibly imprinted

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—Anita Dunn, Partner, Democratic media consulting firm Squier Knapp Dunn, and adviser to Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle

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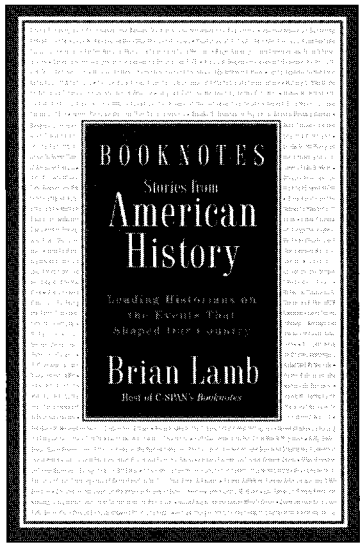

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on one's forehead. She knows perfectly well that the problem is not with the stigmatization, but with the subculture that is stigmatized.

Why, then, can she not say it? It could hardly be from fear of losing the votes of the tattooed, who even in these times must constitute a small minority, amongst whom must be many non-voters. It is because to admit that there is something wrong with a particular subculture, and not with society's response to it, is to blow apart one of the liberal pieties of our time, namely multiculturalism. It is to admit that one way of life is better than another, that some conduct is more civilized than other conduct, that actually we desire standards, and that to pretend otherwise is—well, a pretense.

■

To remove their tattoos is to offer them hope and give them encouragement.

■

But Rep. Capps, herself a former nurse, recognizes (and this is praiseworthy) that there may come a time in a man's life when he wishes to reform, or to grow up. The fact is that our prisons have relatively few men who have committed fresh crimes past the age of 35. In other words, men grow out of their anti-social propensities, but may be left with the visible stigmata of them. To remove their tattoos is to offer them hope and give them encouragement, and this is the reality that Rep. Capps has understood. **NR**

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■ AT WAR ■

The Master (Nation) Builder

America has done it before; it should do it again

STEPHEN E. AMBROSE

SINCE the Vietnam War, many Americans have ridiculed the concept of "nation building." They have rejected the notion of stationing the men and women of our Armed Forces overseas. They are wrong.

The purpose of the current war has been to destroy the Taliban, undo al-Qaeda, and drive terror-supporting dictators from power. So long as we keep within those limits, however, we are placing ourselves in the position of Israel—you kill so many of ours, we will kill so many of yours. But despite the superb Israeli military, that country's war against Palestinian terrorists is now very old, with no end in sight. Sooner or later, wars must give way to politics.

That happened in 1945, after the Americans and their allies destroyed the Japanese and German ability to wage war. Our occupation forces moved in and led the way to nation building. People say we can't do that in the Muslim world—the most we can aim at is to force the terrorist states to stop the killing—because the Islamic nations are so alien, so far away, and so committed to their way of life, which is more than a millennium old. But the examples of Germany, Japan, and South Korea show there is hope.

Germany had been under Nazi rule for a dozen years. It was a totalitarian state. When Dwight D. Eisenhower took up his duties as commander of the occupation in western Germany, he called in his staff to assert that the success or failure of the occupation "can only be judged fifty years from now. If by then Germany has a stable and flourishing democracy, we will have succeeded." Well, that has happened, first of all because of the Germans themselves, but also because of guidance and help from the United States.

Japan in 1945 was a feudal society and had been for 1,000 years. Japan was dominated by its emperor and its military, who were racists and totalitarians like Hitler. No Japanese citizen had ever voted in a meaningful election. Women were not educated, nor did they participate much in national life.

During the war, the hatred between the Japanese and the Americans was unbounded. The things they called each other, what they thought about each other, what they did to each other . . . But beginning in September 1945, when American occupation forces moved into Japan, much was changed. We did not try to convert Japan to Christianity, but under Gen. Douglas MacArthur's leadership we did guide and help build a modern democracy, with full rights for women.

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The examples of Germany, Japan, and South Korea show there is hope.

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Those activities continued, around the world. In 1948, the Americans flew their former bombers in the Berlin airlift, to save West Berlin from the Communists. That same year, America committed vast amounts of its resources to restore the economies of former allies and former foes alike. This act of generosity was unparalleled in the annals of human history. Today, the stable democracies of Western Europe and Japan owe their existence in no small measure to the Marshall Plan.

In 1950, America committed herself to a major war in Korea, not to conquer but to defend. By 1953, South Korea was in shambles. But through their own efforts, and with help from the Ameri-

Mr. Ambrose, the historian, is the author, most recently, of *The Wild Blue: The Men and Boys Who Flew the B-24s over Germany*. Among his other works is a two-volume biography of Eisenhower.

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can Armed Forces—who are still there—the South Koreans turned their country into a flourishing democracy. The difference today between North Korea and South Korea is obvious to all.

The nation building in Germany, Japan, and South Korea—made possible by foreign aid and its companion, the American Armed Forces stationed abroad—was one of the great developments of the 20th century. It can be done again in the Muslim world.

I saw it happening in Bosnia, where I spent Thanksgiving 2001 on a tour for the USO, meeting and talking with the troops of the U.S. 29th Division. They are in a country that is about one-third Muslim, one-third Croat, and one-third Serb, a country in which people have been killing each other for centuries. But when the American Stabilization Force came to head up a 33-nation peacekeeping force, the Bosnian people saw Asian Americans, Hispanic Americans, black Americans, and white Americans, men and women, plus Greeks and Turks, Germans and French, all working together. Now the Muslims, Serbs, and Croats are following their example, rebuilding, cooperating, creating a new nation.

Wally McNamee/Corbis

'Eisenhower spoke to the best instincts of the American spirit.'

To do the same in Afghanistan and in other Muslim countries, we must stay, set an example, and lead. To get the American people to support the war on terror—and the nation building that

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must follow—we can look to the World War II example. Pearl Harbor, like September 11, 2001, pulled us together, but we still needed leadership to stay the course. Two of the many things the Franklin Roosevelt administration did serve as models.

First, getting the children involved. I was a kid during the war. We were urged to do our duty. That included gathering tin cans, saving bacon grease, growing victory gardens, buying war bonds with our pennies and nickels, making sacrifices. Whenever we complained about shortages due to rationing—leather shoes, gasoline for the family car, too many tuna-fish casseroles, not enough sugar—we were told, "We are all in this together." There are scores of ways we can get today's children involved. One suggestion: Have them work on weekends at whatever job, then donate their pay to a fund to provide food for needy Muslims. Children feeding children.

Second, explain the war to the people. In 1942 the Office of War Information persuaded Frank Capra to supervise a series of movies entitled *Why We Fight*. The movies were Hollywood at its best. How did Hitler come to power? What countries did he invade, and why? The same for Mussolini and Tojo and the Emperor. Who were our allies, in China, France, Britain, the Soviet Union? What were they like? Most of all, as the title of the series put it, why are we fighting?

We can do the same today. The American people are woefully ignorant about the Islamic world. Hollywood's best directors and actors and technical people should make movies and TV specials that tell us who the Muslims are, what they want, why so many of them hate us so much. None of this is complex or impossible. Out of it would come understanding, determination, a willingness to pay the cost to help the Muslim peoples progress toward democracy.

To state that there is no hope for democracy in Islam is wrong. There are progressive Muslim states, where women can dress comfortably and teach, be doctors, and so on. There are 1.2 billion Muslims today; that means there are about 600 million Muslim women. That is quite a constituency. Like every other human being who ever lived, they crave and benefit immeasurably from freedom and education.

In his farewell address to the American people, Eisenhower spoke to the best instincts of the American spirit:

> We pray that peoples of all faiths, all races, all nations, may have their great human needs satisfied; that those now denied opportunity shall come to enjoy it to the full; that all who yearn for freedom may experience its spiritual blessings; that those who have freedom will understand, also, its heavy responsibilities; that all who are insensitive to the needs of others will learn charity; that the scourges of poverty, disease, and ignorance will be made to disappear from the earth, and that, in the goodness of time, all peoples will come to live together in a peace guaranteed by the binding force of mutual respect and love.

■

The responsibility that goes with being Number One should be apparent to all.

■

Such a world is still a long way away, but we are headed in that direction. If Eisenhower's world seems pie in the sky, consider the things that did not seem possible but then did happen, such as a whole new attitude in race relations among white and black Americans. The greater integration of women. Nelson Mandela walking out of prison. The radiant smiles of the women of Afghanistan as they removed their veils and lifted their faces to the sun.

Anything is possible. We must lead. We took the weight of the world on our shoulders when we won the Cold War. To everyone, everywhere, what a blessing. Around the world people say, "If there is going to be only one superpower, thank God Almighty it is the U.S.A." The responsibility that goes with being Number One should be apparent to all. We must be involved. It is our duty and our privilege. True, our grandchildren will still be struggling to fulfill Eisenhower's prayer—but what we are doing gets them started. **NR**

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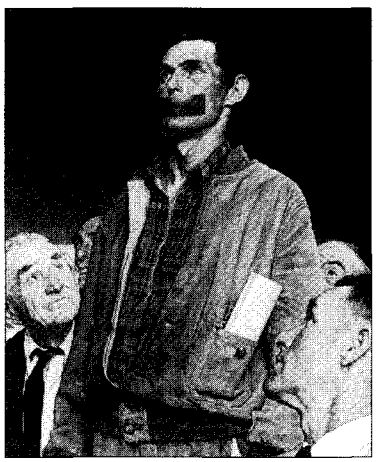
The Gaggers and Gag-making

Hypocrisy among the campaign-finance reformers

BRADLEY A. SMITH

IT'S a common scene in Washington. Lobbyists representing powerful, well-financed special interests sit behind closed doors with members of Congress drafting legislation. Outside Washington, their dollars finance TV ad campaigns in the districts of wavering House members, hoping to pressure them into supporting the bill. Highly technical and complex legislation is then unveiled in the middle of the night, and most members of Congress have no time to read it before debate begins the next morning. Efforts by grassroots groups to amend the bill to protect their members are rebuffed, and though the bill contains provisions that even its sponsors admit are probably unconstitutional, such objections are shunted aside.

You may think this is a description of a special interest trying to benefit from some arcane budget bill, but in fact it is a description of the Shays-Meehan campaign-finance-regulation bill that passed the House in the wee hours of February 14. The passage of Shays-Meehan shows that those who think campaign-finance reform will reduce the influence of money in politics are mistaken.



Supporters of campaign-finance regulation like to portray themselves as an underfunded, scrappy grassroots coalition. However, a study conducted last year for the American Conservative Union by election-law attorney Cleta Mitchell found that groups dedicated to promoting campaign-finance reform spent over $73 million over the three-year period from 1997 through 1999. By comparison, the Center for Responsive Politics (CRP), one of the most prominent campaign-finance-reform organizations, lists total political spending by the "mortgage banking" industry at under $12 million, and by "Health Services and HMOs" at under $14 million, for the four-year period from 1997 through 2000. Even the dreaded drug manufacturers contributed just $28 million over that four-year period, or 40 percent of that spent in just three years by groups promoting campaign-finance regulation. Yet the campaign-finance regulators always portray these industries as colossally and harmfully big spenders.

Mr. Smith is a member of the Federal Election Commission. The views expressed in this article are his alone, not necessarily reflecting the views of the Commission or of other commissioners.

Actually, Cleta Mitchell's study *understates* the spending by campaign-finance-reform groups. It does not include spending by many of the groups' affiliated 501(c)(4) committees, and misses some significant groups completely. To give just one example, it does not include spending by the National Voting Rights Institute (NVRI), which describes itself as "a prominent legal and public education center in the campaign finance reform field." NVRI, which argues that private campaign contributions violate the Constitution, is frequently quoted in the *New York Times* and other major papers. Meanwhile, the CRP *overstates* industry giving, as it includes in its figures individual contributions by any person employed by a company in the industry, and in certain cases even contributions by the employee's spouse. Thus, if the non-working spouse of an Enron employee earning $45,000 a year gave $200 to the campaign of George W. Bush, the CRP reports that as both an "Enron" contribution and a contribution from the "energy/natural resources" industry.

Arguably, money is the only thing that has kept the issue of campaign-finance regulation alive. With public-opinion polls consistently showing that campaign-finance reform is of little interest to the public, most of the groups advocating reform rely on six- and even seven-figure grants from giant foundations such as Ford, Carnegie, and Joyce for funds. With the notable exception of Common Cause (which has a budget of about $10 million a year), these groups usually have few individual supporters. Such individual support as they do have comes almost entirely in the form of large gifts from a handful of politically liberal multi-millionaires, such as George Soros and Silicon Valley entrepreneur Steven Kirsch.

These groups respond that their money does not represent "special interests." But their scorekeeping belies this claim. Surely if a $200 contribution by the wife of a mid-level Enron employee is "special interest" money, so are the six-figure expenditures made to promote campaign-finance reform by investment banker Jerome Kohlberg. Similarly, the Pew Charitable Trusts, to take just one example, have given considerably more in grants to advocate campaign-finance regulation than Enron gave in soft money to advocate energy deregulation. And these foundations and groups have other interests that are advanced by silencing their opposition. Pew, for

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example, also advocates environmental regulation and funds Planned Parenthood. If it can quiet political opposition from business and National Right to Life, it benefits. While one might describe foundations such as Pew, or organizations such as CRP, as disinterested entities concerned with the public welfare, one might just as accurately describe them as unaccountable organizations with lots of money and no members. Even Common Cause, the one reform group with a membership base, is small fry compared with other groups. With some 200,000 members, it describes itself as a "citizen's lobbying organization." But it describes the National Rifle Association, which has over 4.2 million members, as a "special interest." Indeed, many corporations represent hundreds of thousands or even millions of individual shareholders and employees. Why aren't they "citizen's lobbies"?

CYNICAL CAMPAIGN, CYNICAL TOWN

Pro-reform organizations have used their massive war chests to run one of the most cynical campaigns in the history of cynical Washington. Even though corporations and unions are prohibited from making contributions directly to candidates, a casual observer looking at CRP's website without reading the fine print would conclude that the largest direct contributors to every member of Congress are corporations and unions. This is because of the center's practice of attributing contributions by individuals to their employers. Another trick, in an apparent effort to inflate the perception of corporate influence, is to lump together contributions made over many years. Thus, organizations such as Common Cause and the CRP routinely issue press releases and studies showing huge corporate contributions, significant portions of which occurred as much as a decade ago. In some cases, more than half the Congress has turned over in the intervening years. Yet another misleading tactic is to lump together all contributions by "industries." So a 1997 Common Cause report on the influence of the "broadcast industry" listed total contributions from the "industry" over a ten-year period. No allowance was made for the fact that many of the contributions went to individuals no longer—or perhaps never—in Congress, or for the fact that the "broadcast industry" is hardly monolithic: Affiliates often quarrel with networks, networks with one another, radio with television, and so on. The reform organizations also frustrate any sense of perspective. In the current frenzy over Enron, for example, it is not mentioned that Enron's total soft-money contributions constitute a minuscule fraction of 1 percent of total soft money raised over the period cited.

Meanwhile, virtually every legislative action can be and is portrayed as a sellout or payback to some "special interest." So if Enron got a favorable regulatory ruling over opposition from the Chicago Board of Trade, it was a payback to Enron. But since the Board of Trade is also a powerful interest, any ruling the other way would not have been portrayed as a victory for principle or a defeat for Enron, but as a payback to the Board of Trade. All roads lead to corruption. That politicians might actually be acting on convictions or keeping campaign promises is given no credence. Few have worked harder to convince the American people that their representatives are corrupt, and their votes and participation meaningless, than the campaign-finance reformers. That they have done so on the flimsiest of evidence only adds to the shame.

The Enron scandal, which pushed Shays-Meehan over the top, is a perfect example. Reformers gleefully argued that the Enron bankruptcy proved that Shays-Meehan was necessary, with no evidence that Shays-Meehan could have prevented it. Even Rep. Shays admitted that Enron is going to have access "by the fact of who it is and what it does" (its money aside). Reform advocates misleadingly claim that over 250 members of Congress have received "Enron" contributions, when in fact they mean that those members have received contributions from people who worked for or owned stock in Enron. They do not mention that Shays-Meehan does not limit these contributions, and in fact raises the ceiling on them.

Then too, Shays-Meehan was supported down the homestretch by a television "issue advertising" campaign funded by the Campaign for America (CFA), a creation of Jerome Kohlberg. These ads ran in the congressional districts of wavering congressmen. In addition, CFA operated phone banks in 30 congressional districts. This campaign was paid for with unregulated soft money. In a classic example of "free speech for me but not for thee," most of that spending would remain legal under Shays-Meehan.

■

Pro-reform organizations have used their massive war chests to run one of the most cynical campaigns in the history of cynical Washington.

■

However, the heart of the operation to pass Shays-Meehan was not grassroots lobbying, but old-fashioned Washington lobbying. Though supporters had been pushing the bill since the 107th Congress first met in January 2001, and though the sponsors had been gathering signatures on a discharge petition to force the bill to the floor since July, they still spent the evening before the opening of the House debate, and part of the day on which the bill was being debated, redrafting the legislation. According to press reports, pro-reform lobbyists, including former McCain 2000 counsel Trevor Potter, Democracy 21's Fred Wertheimer, and Don Simon of Common Cause, drafted key portions of the bill, at times working out of offices in the Capitol. The final version of the complex, 86-page bill was unveiled a few minutes before midnight.

The bill, as it emerged from this redraft, included a highly technical provision allowing parties to pay off hard-money debts incurred before the 2002 elections (hard money being limited contributions from individuals and PACs, which may be used for any purpose) with soft money (unlimited contributions from corporations, unions, and wealthy individuals, which normally cannot be used to expressly advocate the election or defeat of specific candidates). The provision favored Democrats, who have plenty of soft money but are short on hard money. Republican operatives cried foul and charged that the provision was an intentional effort to benefit the Democrats. The more likely explanation is that it was simply an error

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Presidential Commission Shocks White House: Recommends Marijuana Should Be 'Decriminalized'*

Washington, DC - A Presidential commission's report recommends that marijuana be legalized.

The Commission concluded that marijuana users "are essentially indistinguishable from their non-marijuana using peers by any fundamental criterion other than their marijuana use."

They found that, "Neither the marijuana user nor the drug itself can be said to constitute a danger to public safety."

The Commission recommended "Decriminalization of possession of marijuana for personal use on both the state and federal levels."

The Commission's findings caught many by surprise since both the President and the former Republican governor of Pennsylvania who chaired the Commission have reputations for tough 'law and order' approaches to drug law enforcement.

The President refused to read the report. He said in a news conference, "I am against legalizing marijuana. Even if the Commission does recommend that it be legalized, I will not follow that recommendation."

*** The Shafer Commission issued its report on marijuana policy on March 22, 1972-30 years ago. President Nixon ignored the scientific advice he was given. The Netherlands, which had a similar commission, did not. Today, marijuana use in Holland is half that of the U.S.[1]**

Over 100,000 Americans die annually from consumption of alcohol.[2]
None (0) die from consumption of marijuana.[3]
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Is criminalizing marijuana use sensible public policy? Is it time for marijuana to be treated like alcohol?

Kevin B. Zeese, President, Common Sense for Drug Policy
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[1] Netherlands: Lifetime prevalence of marijuana use ages 12-up, 15.6%; past month, 2.5% (source: Abraham, Manja D., et al., "Licit and Illicit Drug Use in the Netherlands, 1997" (Amsterdam: University of Amsterdam Center for Drug Research, Sept. 1999); US: lifetime prevalence of marijuana use ages 12-up, 34.2%; past month, 4.8% (source: SAMHSA, US Dept. of Health and Human Services, "Summary of Findings from the 2000 National Household Survey on Drug Abuse (Rockville, MD: SAMHSA, Sept. 2001), p. 132, Table F.2, from the web at http://www.samhsa.gov/oas/NHSDA/2kNHSDA/2kNHSDA.htm.

[2] "Number of deaths and age-adjusted death rates per 100,000 population for categories of alcohol-related mortality, United States and States, 1979-96," National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, from the web at http://www.niaaa.nih.gov/databases/armort01.txt.

[3] Reports of the Drug Abuse Warning Network show no deaths attributed to marijuana; see also Joy, Janet E., et al., "Marijuana and Medicine: Assessing the Science Base," Institute of Medicine, (Washington, DC: National Academy Press, 1999); and US Dept. of Justice, Drug Enforcement Administration, "In the Matter of Marijuana Rescheduling Petition," Docket #86-22, Sept. 6, 1988, p. 57.

[4] Federal Bureau of Investigation Uniform Crime Report, "Crime in America 2000" (Washington, DC: US Dept. of Justice, Oct. 2001).

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caused by the haste of last-minute drafting. But imagine the outcry these same "reform" groups would have raised had lobbyists for any other interest helped draft a bill, and accidentally included a technical error beneficial to the bill's primary supporters in Congress. Would the reformers have given the drafters the benefit of a doubt? Never. The error briefly jeopardized the bill and drew a veto threat from the White House, before supporters used a parliamentary maneuver to change the language before the final vote.

WHERE THE FAT CATS SIT

Assuming it becomes law, the bill will not end the influence of money in politics, but instead will drive such influence further underground. A glimpse of the future may have occurred at a dinner last October that raised $800,000 for the Brennan Center, a pro-reform group. Co-chaired by pro-reform senators Hillary Clinton and Charles Schumer, and featuring Sen. John McCain, the dinner was underwritten by corporate donors, who were solicited to attend. Sponsors included over two dozen large law firms with Washington lobbying practices, plus such corporations as Coca-Cola, Philip Morris, and, naturally, Enron. If money is truly corrupting, corporations hoping to curry favor with officeholders might decide that support for such groups is a wise idea, or officeholders might "suggest" that corporations with business before their committees make donations to such groups. Shays-Meehan limits the right of federal officeholders to solicit money for political parties and other groups, but specifically allows lawmakers to continue to solicit funds for entities such as the Brennan Center.

Beyond that, the bill will probably strengthen special interests, benefit incumbents, and harm grassroots politics. The limits on soft-money contributions mean that corporations and unions may be pressured to do more independent spending to help their legislative allies. This will give these interests more control over the process, and will reduce the historical role of parties in brokering diverse and often competing interests. The limits on issue ads in the 60 days before an election will mean that such ads will run earlier, making campaigns longer and putting a greater premium on early fundraising. This will benefit incumbents, even as it requires them to spend more time raising funds. True grassroots politics—spontaneous political activity by individuals and groups—suffers from regulation and has been on the decline ever since the Federal Election Campaign Act was first passed in 1971. The added complexity of this bill will probably kill off such activity altogether. Indeed, Federal Election Commission chairman David Mason says that the incredible complexity of the bill is likely to lead to "invidious enforcement, singling out disfavored groups or causes" and "subjecting regulated groups to harassment by political opponents."

However, the giant foundations that have financed the drive for reform will remain untouched. So will the recipients of their largesse, such as Democracy 21 and the Center for Responsive Politics, and the lobbyists of Common Cause. Big-business lobbyists also emerge unscathed—indeed, corporations may devote more resources to lobbying. But groups that rely less on lobbying and more on campaign support to candidates, grassroots organizing, and issue ads to rally public support will suffer.

But that, too, is a common Washington story. **NR**

A View to a Kill

Assassination in war and peace

RICHARD LOWRY

AFTER Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait in 1990, President Bush signed a secret finding authorizing the CIA to attempt to overthrow the Iraqi dictator. Bob Woodward reports in his book *The Commanders* that "the CIA was not to violate the ban on involvement in assassination attempts, but rather recruit Iraqi dissidents to remove Saddam from power." In other words, according to the strict letter of the finding, Saddam was to be ousted not "dead or alive," but only alive—at least as far as the CIA had any control over it.

Around the same time, defense secretary Dick Cheney fired Air Force chief of staff Michael J. Dugan for telling reporters that the U.S. wanted to "decapitate" the Iraqi regime by killing Saddam and his family. Dugan was sacked not just for revealing operational details, Cheney explained, but also for speaking favorably about a policy that might violate the ban on assassinations. "We never talk about the targeting of specific individuals who are officials of other governments," Cheney said.

Why this tender concern for Saddam Hussein's well-being? It was part of a hangover from the implosion of America's moral self-confidence that occurred in the 1970s, in the wake of Vietnam and the Church committee's battering of the CIA as a hapless, dirty-tricks operation. The Ford administration, bowing to congressional pressure, rushed to issue an executive order banning assassination. During the Gulf War, the first Bush administration didn't let its regard for the Ford order actually stop it from bombing Saddam's personal compounds, but it pretended not to have entertained the idea of specifically killing him.

This garble reflects a lack of exactly the sort of clarity that the war on terrorism demands: Killing enemy belligerents, even if they are heads of state, is a lawful and moral application of American power. The Ford order on assassinations—reissued by Reagan as Executive Order 12333—should either be amended, or at the very least publicly reinterpreted, so there is no longer any confusion on this point. It is the right of the U.S. to target and kill individuals in the chain of command of a country with which we are formally, or as a practical matter, at war.

HOLSTERING OUR GUN

The upshot of the Church committee's work in 1975 was that after 30 years of the twilight struggle, the United States should get out of the twilight business. The Cold War consensus had been based on the idea that our enemy was evil and ruthless, and therefore we would have to employ rough means to defeat it (as a commission headed by Herbert Hoover put it starkly in 1954, "hitherto acceptable norms of human conduct do not apply").

The Church committee was devoted to the proposition that engaging in such nasty business made us no better—

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actually, somehow much worse—than the Soviets. "The committee was struck," said the Church report, "by the basic tension—if not incompatibility—of covert operations and the demands of the constitutional system." The U.S. should worry more about its virtue and less about power politics. "We need not be so frightened by each Russian intervention," Sen. Church said. "We have gained little, and lost a great deal, by our past policy of compulsive interventionism."

From this aloof perspective on world affairs, the committee concluded that "assassination is unacceptable in our society." Period. It dredged up stories of far-fetched attempts to off Fidel Castro—poisoned cigars, poisoned diving suits—that made assassination seem a risible exercise (as if the fact that we were bad at assassination proved that we should never do it). It also focused on shadowy U.S. involvement in the killings in the 1950s and 1960s of Patrice Lumumba in Congo, Rafael Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, and Ngo Dinh Diem in Vietnam.

The committee had a point. There were questions about whether the CIA was operating with the necessary democratic accountability in the U.S., and these killings took place over what essentially amounted to peacetime political preferences (although peacetime was difficult to define in the Cold War, since the Soviets envisioned it as just another opportunity to wage war). So, these acts were more properly thought of as unlawful assassinations rather than legitimate wartime killings.

Leif Skoogfors/Corbis

An American sniper takes aim

In judging such killings, as former Reagan and Bush official David Rivkin points out, this is really the crucial distinction: between peace and war. From the Romans to the U.N. Charter, international law has recognized certain "protected persons"—heads of state, diplomats—who can't be killed by a foreign power in peacetime. But, as Rivkin says, "war changes everything." There is a right under international law to target an enemy's command and control during wartime, including anyone in the chain of command right up to the head of state (especially when, as in the case of Saddam, he wears a uniform and a sidearm).

Why, then, does such an odor still attach to targeting specific individuals in wartime? It is partly a leftover from 18th- and 19th-century rules of warfare, when battle was essentially an interruption of otherwise correct relations between fellow sovereigns. As Notre Dame law professor Gerard V. Bradley points out, it wouldn't have occurred to the French, for instance, to try to kill William Pitt. It just wasn't done. But this all changed with the advent of total war, and of leaders, such as Hitler, unfit for the chummy "community of nations."

In June 1943, the Germans shot down what they took to be Churchill's plane. Two months before, the Americans had shot down Adm. Yamamoto's plane, after an intelligence intercept revealed that he would be inspecting front-line Japanese bases. Adm. Nimitz carefully considered whether any of Yamamoto's possible replacements would be worse—i.e., more talented or better liked by Japanese troops—and, after concluding they wouldn't, ordered the attack. No one at the time complained that this act was incompatible with American values.

SNEAK ATTACKS, FRANK ATTACKS

The hesitation to endorse such targeted killings today—when we are a century and several million deaths beyond the age of international chivalry—involves a misunderstanding of what exactly is proscribed by international law. According to Article 23b of the Hague Convention, "It is especially forbidden to kill or wound treacherously individuals belonging to the hostile nation or army." This is not, however, a prohibition on all targeted killings. Instead, for a killing to be considered an unlawful assassination, it has to use treacherous means.

Treachery is an extremely narrow concept. In current practice, we seem, oddly, to interpret it as anything that would be too precise or sneaky. So, killing Saddam Hussein with a barrage of guided bombs, as long as we are not too frank about whether his death is intended or not, is acceptable (not treacherous), but killing him with one cruise missile aimed right at his bedroom, or, even worse, shooting him with a sniper team or setting a booby trap in front of his motorcade, is forbidden (treacherous). This from-15,000-feet rule is as irrational as it sounds.

In fact, any method that is lawful for attacking an enemy army is also lawful as a way of killing an enemy leader. The use of perfidious means to take advantage of a target's trust—such as disguising a U.S. hit team as U.N. negotiators—is forbidden. (Bin Laden's use of assassins posing as journalists to kill Northern Alliance leader Ahmed Massoud last year is a classic case of perfidy.) Otherwise, there is nothing that says targeted killings must take place from the air. As the U.S. Army Memorandum of Law puts it, "No distinction is made between an attack accomplished by aircraft, missile, naval gunfire, artillery, mortar, infantry assault, ambush . . . booby trap, a single shot by a sniper, a commando attack, or other similar means."

International law aside, the morality of targeted wartime killings, when compared with other possible policies, seems obvious. Such killings are clearly superior to the Left's preferred non-violent means of trying to oust dictators: economic sanctions. Such embargoes almost always punish the innocent (civilians of the targeted country) and sometimes even strengthen the guilty (the dictators who are able to play the besieged victim). In Iraq, sanctions have—if anything—helped impoverish the civilian population, without budging Saddam a bit.

Targeted killing can also be morally superior to waging all-out war. One of the reasons the Geneva Convention protects POWs is that soldiers are held blameless for state policies that they were presumably merely following, not creating. So, it's odd to consider it unacceptable to kill Saddam, but acceptable to kill thousands of his soldiers who may want nothing more fervently than to surrender to the nearest American. Indeed, the idea of proportionality in the law of war suggests that the means capable of achieving an objective with the least destruction and killing—e.g., specifically targeting Saddam—is always to be preferred.

Critics of targeted killings still raise several practical objections to the idea. One is that it would prompt retaliation

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against U.S. leaders. But Saddam Hussein has already tried to kill an ex–U.S. president, Bush I in Kuwait City, even with EO12333 still in force. And Osama bin Laden launched a hijacked airplane perhaps against the White House or the U.S. Capitol. The behavior of our enemies obviously isn't going to be positively influenced by our nice legalisms. In any case, the American president is now, and always will be, surrounded by the most sophisticated and tightest security in the world, executive order or no.

Another objection is that targeted killings simply don't make for good foreign policy. They fail and backfire. Even if they succeed, the resulting new regime can be hard to predict and control. All of this is true, and if we want to influence the course of a post-Saddam Iraq, an invasion six months from now may be preferable to killing Saddam tomorrow. But this doesn't mean that targeted killing shouldn't be an option. And, in the case of Iraq, an incipient invasion (giving us a military presence to control events on the ground) coupled with the killing of Saddam (to end the fighting quickly) may be the ideal scenario.

In the end, critics of the idea of targeted killings fall back on the assertion that it is somehow incompatible with American values. This is just Frank Churchism, a moral equivalence that condemns us for trying to kill first the people who are bent on killing us. It finds it intolerable that we might engage in any difficult or severe action in the course of defeating our mortal enemies, and perversely revels in any mistake, folly, or transgression we might commit along the way. It is this sensibility that splashes every American error in Afghanistan across the front pages, with the revelatory subtext that—aha!—we aren't so right and just after all.

Sept. 11 has helped diminish, but not vanquish, this way of thinking. The Clinton administration initially wanted to try Osama bin Laden, then attempted to kill him by arguing that he was, in effect, a piece of terrorist "infrastructure" to be "degraded." The Bush administration has taken a leap ahead in clarity by frankly stating that Osama bin Laden is a person, just an evil one who deserves to be sent to his eternal reward as quickly as possible. As a terrorist bandit, bin Laden enjoys the protection of no international conventions against assassination or anything else. The same should go for Saddam Hussein, and other leaders in the future against whom we wage war.

For practical purposes, the ban on assassinations has recently eroded. The U.S. has over the last 15 years slyly targeted Qaddafi, Saddam, Milosevic, and now Mullah Omar. But we should stop operating under the constraints of the Qaddafi rule, which holds essentially that if an attack on a leader is so imprecise that it might kill his friends and family, it's okay. The cleanest solution would be to add a definition of assassination to the executive order, making it clear that it doesn't forbid targeting a regime's military elite. This might offend the sensibilities of rogue-state leaders the world over, but so what?

"Rogue state" isn't just an idle phrase. It signifies a government that is operating outside of all civilized bounds. The U.S. now seems to be willing, not just to recognize this fact rhetorically, but to act on it with a policy of regime-change—which makes it very odd that we would insist on maintaining the polite norms of long ago, when every sovereign was a sort of brother. Saddam Hussein is a far cry from William Pitt. It is time we stop pretending otherwise. **NR**

Party Guy

The barren ex-presidency of Bill Clinton

BYRON YORK

As he began his last year in office, Bill Clinton also began a long series of farewell interviews about his presidency and his plans for life after the White House. Of course he would write a book and make a living, Clinton often said, but his true goal was something far more important: "I'm going to try to maintain a high level of activity in the areas that I'm particularly interested in. I've spent a lot of my life working on reconciliation of people across racial, religious, and other lines. I'm very interested in using the power of technology . . . to help poor countries and poor areas overcome what would ordinarily take years in economic development and education. I'm very interested in continuing my work to try to convince Americans and the rest of the world that we can beat global warming without shutting down the economy . . . I'm very interested in promoting the concept of public service among young people. . . . Those are four things I'll do."

Two years after he said that, in February 2002, former president Clinton, in Miami to earn $100,000 for a speech to a pro-Israel group, spent his time, in the words of the local paper, "partying like a rock star," starting at Nobu, the hip South Beach restaurant, and later making the rounds at the trendy nightclub Rumi. A few days earlier, Clinton had been at his headquarters in Harlem, where he hosted a Super Bowl party for a group that included, according to the *New York Post*, "[actor] Chris Tucker, Israel's Shimon Peres, nightclub queen Amy Sacco, and Alec Baldwin." And a few weeks before that, Clinton was in London, where papers reported that he and his party of 17 hit Soho's hot Groucho Club, running up a $14,000 tab before the former president finally returned to his room at the Ritz around 3 A.M.

While it would not be fair to suggest that such stories—and many more like them—represent the sum of Clinton's life during the first year of his ex-presidency, they do stand in stark contrast to the seriousness of the goals Clinton set for himself outside the White House. Whatever their attractions, Rumi and Groucho are unlikely settings for the work of resolving religious and ethnic conflicts, empowering the world's poor, solving global warming, and promoting national service. Clinton aimed to create an ex-presidency that rose to the highest levels of statesmanship. What he has done, after a year of hanging out in fashionable watering holes in New York, Los Angeles, and Europe, is create a pattern for an ex-presidency that will likely be as undisciplined and ultimately unsuccessful as his years in the White House.

A BON VIVANT, NOT A MEMOIRIST

Clinton had the worst beginning of an ex-presidency since Richard Nixon flew to San Clemente in 1974. First there was

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the pardon scandal—still the subject of a criminal investigation—and, at the same time, the controversy over the gifts both Clintons took when they left the White House. By the time those died down, September 11 arrived to shed a merciless light on Clinton's failure to address the threat of international terrorism that grew exponentially during his time in office. Added to the Monica Lewinsky scandal, the campaign-finance scandal, and a host of lesser misdeeds while in office, these new developments left Clinton with an enormous task of self-rehabilitation if he were ever to achieve his lofty goals.

Perhaps the best first step an ex-president with a major image problem can take is to write a serious book. "Part of what Nixon did was invest very heavily in the writing of his memoirs, which was in fact 60 or 70 percent a Watergate memoir," says Princeton historian Fred Greenstein. "He used his strengths: his tenacity and his intelligence." Nixon's memoirs, confounding the low expectations normally given to presidential recollections, were actually quite well received and were a critical step in his rehabilitation.

Reuters/Ethan Miller/*Las Vegas Sun*

Clinton has a similar opportunity, but there is evidence that he is throwing it away. Last August, he signed a book contract for more than $10 million—the exact figure was never made public—with the publisher Alfred A. Knopf. It was the largest amount ever paid for a nonfiction book. Reports at the time stressed that Clinton planned to write the book himself, under the supervision of Robert Gottlieb, the former *New Yorker* editor and Knopf man who has become legendary in publishing circles for working on a number of bestsellers. Publication was set for fall 2003.

Now it appears there is real concern in Clinton circles about whether that deadline will be met. Sources say Clinton has not only not written anything but has also not organized his thoughts in the fashion necessary to produce a serious book. While he has asked Ted Widmer, a Harvard-educated historian who served as a speechwriter on Clinton's national security staff, to assist him, at this point Clinton finds himself in the position of being ill prepared to turn in the multimillion-dollar project he has promised to produce within a year. It's a situation that doesn't surprise some who worked with Clinton through the years. "Lacking something [major] to do, he falls victim to entropy, which was always his biggest problem," says former political adviser Dick Morris. "Unless he had a goal [bigger than writing a book], he could never organize himself—and then entropy took over and he became sullen and disorganized and confused." In the end, Clinton may have to resort to bringing in a last-minute book doctor to assemble a book from interviews with the former president.

Whoever writes it, the Clinton book, if it is to do him the sort of good that Nixon's memoirs did, would have to deal seriously with the scandals that defined large parts of his presidency, particularly the independent-counsel investigation that led to his impeachment. But sources who keep tabs on the work say no one should expect real candor. "He's going to paper over the whole thing," says one. "If he had put energy behind it instead of screwing around for this last year, it would have helped the reputation of his administration."

Of course, it's at least theoretically possible that Clinton might be secretly planning to offer up a revealing and measured account of his presidency. But at the moment there is no reason to think so. A good preview of his approach can be found on the website of Clinton's presidential library, clintonpresidentialcenter.com, which contains a timeline of Clinton's two terms. For 1998—the Year of Lewinsky—the timeline says, in full: "For the first time since 1969, the federal government has a budget surplus. The President supports using the surplus to 'Save Social Security first.' President Clinton plays a major roll [*sic*] in the Good Friday Peace Accords between Catholic and Protestant leaders in Northern Ireland and in the Wye River Memorandum between Benjamin Netanyahu and Yassir Arafat." Neither does the overview of 1999 take notice of Clinton's impeachment trial in the Senate. The website does, however, invite readers to "learn more about how Bill Clinton worked and continues to work for the betterment of America."

Beyond going to parties and not writing his memoirs, Clinton's principal activity in his post-presidential year has been giving speeches. Since September 11, one of Clinton's stock presentations has been the "struggle for the soul of the 21st century" speech, a rambling, 6,000-word meditation on the origins of terrorism and Clinton's efforts to fight it. Clinton has delivered the speech at major universities across the country—at Harvard, Yale, and Georgetown—as well as to trade groups and at fundraisers.

For all its length and scope, the one thing the speech does not do is give a comprehensive account of the Clinton administration's response to international terrorism. One finds only brief and insubstantial references to the first World Trade Center bombing and the attacks on U.S. embassies in Africa; there is no mention at all of the bombings of the Khobar Towers military barracks or the USS *Cole*. Instead, the speech has moments of cringe-making self-centeredness, as when Clinton says of the victims of September 11, "The people who perished represent not only the best of America, but the best of the world I worked hard for eight years to build." It has moments of classically Clintonian self-promotion, as when he says, "In the years that I served as president, we worked very hard to improve our defenses and to bring terrorists to justice in the hope a day like September 11th would never come." And it has moments of late-night, dorm-room philosophizing, as when Clinton says, "This is a big fight for the soul of the 21st century about three things: What is the nature of truth? What is the value of life? What

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is the content of community?" Some of it sounds appealing—particularly the upbeat, we-can-lick-this-thing-if-we-all-work-together conclusion—but it ultimately never really says how to *do* anything.

THE COOLIDGE FATE

"Here's what's unique about Bill Clinton," says Richard Norton Smith, the historian and author who has served as director of the Reagan, Ford, Eisenhower, and Hoover presidential libraries. "He had the luxury during his presidency of being the first president in American history who was assessed not by one poll but by two polls." Smith is referring to the Lewinsky-era polling practice of asking Americans to rate Clinton's job performance separately from their approval or disapproval of him as a human being. "But since [George W. Bush's] inauguration day, that luxury has disappeared. Clinton is no longer doing the job as president, and with the passage of time, memories of the job performance, however high, tend to be subsumed in the rush of successive events."

Smith continues: "He should talk to Calvin Coolidge, who, in his last address, rather complacently took credit for the overwhelming prosperity associated with his name. A few months later, literally overnight, he came to be seen in a radically different light, and fairly or unfairly, 70 years later, he's never quite escaped from the shadow of the Crash." Smith pauses for a moment. "September 11, it can be argued, is Bill Clinton's Black Tuesday."

The terrorist attacks made Clinton's ex-presidency vastly more difficult. When he discusses his administration's actions on terrorism, he appears to be defending the indefensible. And when he discusses the rest of his administration's record, including its actual accomplishments, it all seems small in light of September 11. There's nothing he can do about that; he has no more chances to be president.

But Clinton could improve the public's perception of him by long, hard, focused work in some useful role. Jimmy Carter left office a failed president, and whether one approves of his post–White House career or not, it is indisputable that Carter raised himself in the public's esteem by working very hard at his new role—sometimes under unpleasant conditions and sometimes without the presence of admiring celebrities. So far Clinton has shown no inclination to do that kind of work, although he is said to want the kind of admiration that Carter enjoys. But one is not possible without the other. "You can't have it both ways," says Douglas Brinkley, the Carter biographer and sometime Clinton supporter. "You can't want to be considered a great ex-president like Jimmy Carter and not do the grunt work. You can't want to be wining and dining around Manhattan and do that work."

When asked for a list of his accomplishments as an ex-president, Clinton's office declines comment, saying only that he is a private citizen and his activities are private matters. Still, we know he's keeping busy. In late February, he's headed off to Australia for one of his biggest paydays yet—reportedly $300,000 for a single speech, along with a concert and numerous dinners in his honor. The work of resolving religious and ethnic conflicts, empowering the world's poor, solving global warming, and promoting national service will have to wait, at least for a while. **NR**

Border Blues

They keep coming and coming, and citizens are at wits' end

JOHN J. MILLER

"YOU want to hear about my worst day on the ranch?" asks Ruth Evelyn Cowan. "I lost 10,000 gallons of water because some Mexican broke a valve off one of my tanks trying to get a drink. Another one left a gate open and four of my cattle wandered ten miles away. They're worth about $2,500 apiece and we had to spend hours finding them. And then someone else drove a truck across my land and knocked over a fence in two places." She pauses, exasperated. "All that happened in just 24 hours. But you know what? We have to deal with problems like these every day, and it's been going on for years."

That's life in Arizona's Cochise County, where Cowan believes that she's spent $50,000 undoing the damage done to her property by illegal aliens since 1999. And that figure doesn't include her biggest expense: the enormous amount of time she and her employees have put into the repairs, from fixing cut fences to picking up all the trash left behind by thousands of people streaming across her ranchland.

Cowan knew the ranching life would be difficult when she quit her job as an airline stewardess to take up the family business. But she had no idea how hard, or that something other than drought or low prices would cause so much of the hardship. She was looking forward to rural life in southeastern Arizona. Instead, she found herself living in what fellow rancher Gary McBride calls "the illegal-alien capital of the world."

Nobody knows how many people sneak across the Mexican border into Cochise County; recent estimates put the number between 500,000 and 1.5 million annually. Little towns like Douglas and Naco are now main thoroughfares for people determined to enter the United States without green cards. Their migration has wreaked havoc on not just Cowan's land, but the whole region. Ranchers fight a daily battle against property destruction. The sheriff's office struggles to plug holes left unfilled by the federal Border Patrol. Local hospitals cut services to keep from going broke. And nobody who doesn't live there seems to know—or care—about what's going on.

There's nothing especially new about illegal immigration in Cochise County, a dry landscape of scrubland and mountains where Geronimo and the Apaches made their last stand against the U.S. Army at the end of the 19th century. Mexicans have crossed over for generations. But the flow was only a trickle until recently, when the federal government made a conscious decision to let the trickle become a flood. Ever since, the people of Cochise County have drowned in a problem not of their own making.

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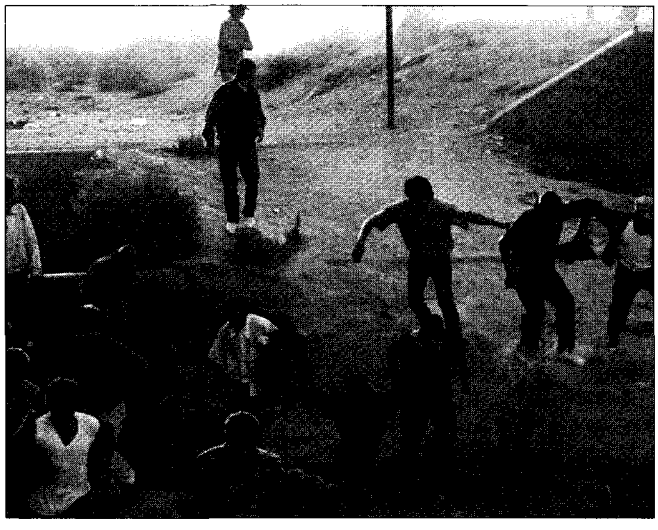
'THE ILLEGAL-ALIEN CAPITAL OF THE WORLD'

The Census Bureau estimates that 8 million illegal aliens were living permanently in the U.S. in 2000, up from 3.5 million ten years earlier. As the public clamored for the government to do something about this rising tide during the 1990s, the Immigration and Naturalization Service made a fateful decision for the residents of Cochise County. It chose to increase the Border Patrol's presence at El Paso and San Diego, two popular points of entry, and also to experiment with new enforcement techniques. The strategy worked wonders—at least for El Paso and San Diego, where illegal immigration fell noticeably; but a balloon that's squeezed in one place expands in another, and the INS essentially succeeded merely in pushing the crossings away from these areas. Illegal immigration didn't really decline at all. Instead, Cochise County became a favorite corridor to El Norte.

One of the channels was the backyard of Cindy Hayostek, in the border town of Douglas. A year ago, she spent a few mornings counting the illegal aliens who jumped her fence. "I figure that 4,000 people were doing it over the course of 12 months," she says. "And that's probably a low estimate."

Hayostek is lucky—she has only a backyard to worry about, and the local Border Patrol agents have made an effort to keep the aliens from overrunning townies like her. (She says fewer are coming now.) The ranchers who live outside Douglas, however, own thousands of acres of land. It's a vast and empty region—Cochise County is bigger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, but only 120,000 people live there—and a tempting one to disappear into. The aliens generally cross the border in small groups of fewer than a dozen, though sometimes their numbers can swell. They're often guided by professional smugglers called "coyotes," who are skilled at evading the Border Patrol. On a February night, I went out with the Border Patrol and saw agents apprehend a group of 116 illegal aliens between Douglas and Bisbee, about a quarter-mile from the border. One of the men was a sheet-metal worker trying to get back to his job in Los Angeles. Others were bound for Atlanta and New York.



David & Peter Turnley/Corbis

'A menace to orderly ranch life'

It's impossible not to feel sympathy for these foreigners. After all, they come to the U.S. primarily for jobs—better ones than they can find at home, and ones that American employers are glad to give them. The federal government isn't especially serious about keeping them out, either. "The aliens face a danger zone that's maybe 20 or 25 miles deep," says Dave Stoddard, a retired Border Patrol agent with extensive experience in Cochise County. "Once they escape it, they're home free. Nobody is going to catch them." By some estimates, the Border Patrol nabs only one of every four or five crossers. Those who are caught go back to their home countries. For the majority this is Mexico, and most of them are just dumped back across the border into Sonora, where they're free to cross again. Anybody who really wants to make it into the U.S. is going to succeed, even if it takes a few tries.

There are plenty of ways into Cochise County, many of them hazardous. In January, police found five dead Mexicans at the bottom of a coal car. The best routes, however, are through the wide-open spaces of the countryside, where there aren't so many Border Patrol agents sitting in parked SUVs under bright lights on moveable towers. Tramping into the wilderness carries plenty of risks. Every year, scores of aliens die from dehydration, especially during the searing summer months. Most carry jugs of water, along with plastic bags of food and other necessities. And they don't abide by the camper's ethic of packing out what they pack in. "The trash is unbelievable," says Stoddard. "You see acres with every square foot polluted by empty water bottles, discarded clothing, and feces."

The migration's impact goes far beyond littering. Ranchers control their property and their herds with fences, and these are now routinely cut or knocked down by passing aliens. "I spend three days a week picking up trash and two days fixing fences," says rancher George Morin. The aliens are a menace to orderly ranch life. They leave gates open, letting out cattle and horses, bust waterlines when they're thirsty, and kill barking dogs that threaten to expose their routes.

County sheriff Larry Dever estimates that 37 percent of his budget goes to dealing with illegal aliens. Just about everybody in the region can describe times when he has been approached by aliens asking favors, such as a drink of water or the use of a phone. "Most of them are good people and don't mean any harm," says Richard Humphries, a retired police officer who homeschools his daughters. "But there are thousands of them coming through, and I've been threatened before. It's bad enough that I worry every time my girls play outside. One of the reasons I moved here was to get away from that."

Most of the men carry guns around their property, but this is no surprise in a place where the 911 response times can reach an hour or two. The difference in Cochise County is the women. They also carry guns—around their property, in the glove compartments of their cars, by their bedsides—and many of them have started doing it in the last five or six years. "I don't feel safe without one anymore," says Hannah Siegel, a rancher's wife who lives 15 miles from the border. "I carry one with me all the time," confesses Virginia Martinez, a Hereford resident. "I do it because of the aliens. They're everywhere."

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B. J. Kuykendall, whose ranch is on the edge of Swisshelm Mountain near Elfrida, knows the potential consequences of not having a gun. She and her granddaughter were driving on their property one day when they encountered a group of Mexicans in another vehicle. "One of them pointed at me and made obscene hand gestures," she recalls. "Then he let out this evil laugh, and in Spanish said, 'I want you and I will get you.'" Kuykendall raced her pickup truck down a bouncy dirt road with the men in pursuit and escaped only because she made a sharp turn off the road and hid behind mesquite trees.

Some aren't so fortunate—and even guns don't always help. Last July, Bill Burns of Portal, Ariz., had a .22-caliber revolver in his hand when a pair of illegal aliens burst into his kitchen and attacked him. Burns was knocked unconscious and later treated for a cut to his cheek and a stab wound in his abdomen. One year earlier, he was assaulted with a two-by-four in his horse barn and knocked unconscious. When his wife found him three hours later, he had to be airlifted to a hospital, where he was treated for a collapsed lung and several broken bones. Six years ago, retired military chaplain Edwin York was lucky to survive a scrape in which he, his wife, and his 80-year-old mother-in-law were tied and blindfolded by a gang of illegal aliens who proceeded to rob them. "We're on the front lines of an invasion," says York. "After spending 28 years trying to protect my country, I didn't realize I would still have to do it again in my retirement."

WHO PAYS?

Nobody wants to become a victim of crime, of course, but the residents of Cochise County have an added incentive to avoid injury: The quality of health care in their area has declined because of the influx of aliens. Federal law requires hospitals to provide medical service to anybody who needs it regardless of his ability to pay. In Douglas, many illegal aliens get into the country by jumping over the wall along the border right in town. Those who break their ankles or legs doing it—a not uncommon occurrence—are then entitled to free treatment. In the year 2000, in fact, Douglas's single hospital went bankrupt, in part because of all the unpaid bills. (It never closed its doors, though, and today is run by different owners.)

Illegal aliens are excessively prone to injuries because of the risks they take. When drivers hook up with groups of aliens they're supposed to transport, they will stuff as many as possible into their vehicles—and then do things like drive down primitive dirt roads at high speeds with no headlights in the darkness. "Have you ever seen eleven people jammed into a Camaro?" asks James Dickson, CEO of Copper Queen Community Hospital in Bisbee. "It's a real mess when there's a crash."

Dickson, of course, is one of the people who must find a way to pay the bills for these people when there's an accident. His budget problems have grown so severe that he recently shut down his hospital's nursing home. "What really gets me is that others make a profit off us," he says. "I remember one of our patients, an illegal alien working as a housemaid, calling her boss in Queens to tell her she would need a few extra days to get there because we were treating her for something. She eventually went on her way and never paid her medical bills. It's like we're subsidizing cheap employment for some rich lady in New York City."

The policies of federal agencies aggravate these costs. When the Border Patrol stumbles upon injured aliens, it makes a practice of ensuring that the aliens receive immediate medical attention but not taking them into formal custody—because then it gets out of paying for their treatment. It will even drop off Mexicans at a Cochise County emergency room, all the while maintaining a fiction about how its agents did not have an opportunity to investigate their legal status. In Douglas, this happened 225 times last year. "Most of the time, the aliens just walk right out after we've treated them," says Debra Thornby, a nurse in Douglas. "We don't see the Border Patrol again—at least not until their next drop-off."

■

What's a rancher going to do: send an invoice to the INS every time he finds that someone has cut through a barbed-wire fence?

■

There are no trauma centers in Cochise County, so people with major injuries are shipped off to Tucson, often on helicopter rides that can cost as much as $10,000 per trip. "We wrote off $6 million in uncompensated services to illegal aliens last year," says John Duval, chief operating officer of the University Medical Center in Tucson. Last fall, the state legislature went into special session after Tucson's two trauma centers announced that they would close because they could no longer absorb these losses. Now the hospitals have stopgap funding through the end of this year, but it remains unclear how they will survive, over the long term, having to eat these expenses.

Border-state politicians have lobbied for federal reimbursements, and Washington does earmark millions of dollars each year to cover the costs of illegal aliens. But it doesn't come anywhere near full coverage—the Bush administration's current budget even calls for some cuts—and there's no way it ever could. What's a rancher going to do: send an invoice to the INS every time he finds that someone has cut through a barbed-wire fence?

BUILD UP THE BARRIERS

What the government can do is become more serious about policing the border. Cochise County, in fact, has seen a massive increase in Border Patrol. There used to be only 40 agents assigned to Douglas; today, there are 80 agents on each shift, with three shifts a day. The service also has a big supply of high-tech gadgetry. Human traffic into Arizona seems to have dropped in recent months; the Border Patrol's apprehensions are down from where they were a year ago, which might indicate that fewer people are crossing over. If

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true, that's partly because of the Border Patrol's increased efforts and mostly because of the recession's tightened labor market. But Cochise County will still see hundreds of thousands of new illegal aliens this year. The busy season is just getting underway—springtime is best for crossing, because the weather is neither too hot nor too cold—and the improving economy may speed migration even more. A few people don't even think the entries are down. "They're still coming," says Ron Sanders, who ran the Border Patrol's Tucson sector until he retired three years ago. "You have to understand what the Border Patrol does. When it makes a lot of arrests, it claims success for making a lot of arrests. When it doesn't make a lot of arrests, it also claims success because it says there are fewer crossings. No matter what happens, it declares victory."

What's dispiriting to many Cochise County residents is how the rest of the country winks at illegal immigration. Lawmakers in California recently made it possible for illegal aliens to pay in-state tuition at public universities. Tyson Foods smuggled illegal aliens into the country so they could work at 15 processing plants in nine states; Tyson executives were indicted for this last December. The Bush administration last year flirted with an amnesty for illegal aliens; nobody in the White House has talked about it much since September 11, but Tom Daschle and Dick Gephardt continue to promote the idea. (In November, Gephardt even called them "very good citizens," when they are not even legal residents.) How many of those taking advantage of California's generosity, working for Tyson, or eligible for a future amnesty also have dropped trash, cut fences, or visited the emergency room in Cochise County?

The fact that so many locals say they'd like to see the border militarized is a testament to their deep frustration. "I once told our congressman, Jim Kolbe, that we should do this," says Linda Morin, the wife of rancher George Morin. "He asked me if I wanted to have tanks in my front yard, thinking that would shut me up. I said, 'Hell, yeah. Put one there and I'll feed the whole crew dinner every night.'" There are obvious drawbacks to this: The Marines, of course, aren't trained in law enforcement, nor should they be. Other options are equally unappealing: Some members of Congress have proposed setting up a national-ID system and requiring employers to check with the government before hiring anybody. This might deny jobs to illegal aliens, at least until they figured out how to game it. More likely, it would just become a tremendous inconvenience for everybody except the people it's meant to inconvenience.

One alternative worth considering is a new guest-worker program that would make it possible for illegal aliens to legalize their status on a temporary basis and work in the U.S., but have part of their pay withheld until they've returned home. The government historically has run programs along these lines and a few small ones remain in place. Improving the situation in Cochise County, however, would require a large expansion of the programs. They would have to include not just the farm jobs traditionally associated with migrant work, but also the service industry that currently employs so many illegal aliens. "There's nothing as permanent as a temporary worker," warns Mark Krikorian of the Center for Immigration Studies, pointing out that the experience of guest-worker programs shows that many of them never leave. Then again, the aliens who come through Cochise County aren't leaving either. Perhaps the immigration-control crowd could strike a deal: They'll stomach a new guest-worker program in exchange for a shift in legal-immigration policy, such as phasing out the brother-sister legal admissions category that makes possible so much of the family-based chain migration they oppose.

In the meantime, a growing number of locals are finding life in Cochise County intolerable. "I've got metal bars on my windows, I carry a gun on walks with my wife, and I take a two-way radio when I go looking at the stars from my own backyard," says York, the former military chaplain. "This is supposed to be the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let me tell you something: It sure doesn't feel like the land of the free in Cochise County, but it may take an act of bravery to live here." **NR**

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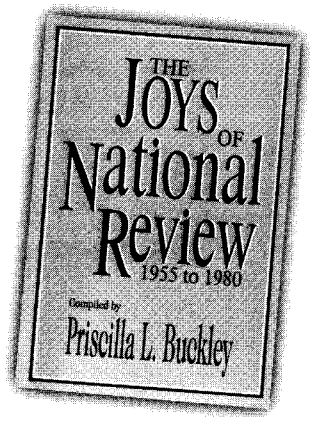

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Enron's un-dead declaimed before
Lawmakers, as TV
Transmitted this unholy scene
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The perfect kind—gave John McCain
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—W. H. VON DREELE

CAMPAIGN-FINANCE REFORM

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

The Candidates' Diaries

INSTALLMENT 1: FEBRUARY 2002

From Dick Gephardt's diary:

. . . which I was supposed to get tweezed and bleached on Thursday, but the guy didn't come until after I did *Hardball*, so the week was all messed up. Greta called to ask me to do her new show on Fox next week, but I just felt that the whole eye-tuck situation (hers, not mine) would overshadow my core message, which I'm going to get this weekend after the focus-group results get crunched. Had a top-level briefing this morning: So far I've raised about $875,000, which isn't bad but isn't good, although it was fun to color almost all the way up to the $900,000 mark on the big thermometer poster I have in the office. I also learned that Daschle's negatives are now at almost 20, which may be enough to pre-empt his Iowa operation if I can get a few key endorsements next month . . .

From "Straight Talk: An American Hero Talks Straight" (self-titled John McCain diary):

. . . of my steely gaze. Then I broke out laughing. My gimlet eyes crinkled up in my familiar laughing squint, and my powerful body shook with mirth. "My God," the assembled journalists cried in unison, "Senator, you kill us! You absolutely kill us!" Then the room quieted. "I joke," I said, "not because I don't care, but because I care so very much. And I tell it to you straight. You know why?" The room was silent. "Because," I said, my raspy masculine voice low, "I don't give a rat's you-know-what." A collective moan swept over the assembly. There was a silence, as I basked in the warm love. Then, almost as one, the journalists started writing. The noise of pens scratching against paper was almost deafening to my ears, but I could hear a lone voice ask a question. It was a young journalist, barely 20, if a day. "But sir," he said, "on the one hand you say you don't give a rat's you-know-what, and on the other you say you care very deeply. So which is it? Or are you just sort of posturing and preening in order to . . ." But he never finished his question, poor lad. He was set on by the other reporters, his shirt torn, his notebook ripped and stepped on, and his glasses twisted into a pretzel. "Fellas, stop," I said, my gimlet eyes twinkling. "I think the young man here has had enough . . ."

From Joe Lieberman's diary:

. . . a moral question of almost epic importance, solved only by the careful, deliberate sniffing of the open container. "Yes," I said after careful deliberation, "I think this is still good." I poured the milk over my All-Bran. Thus did my wife and I—observant Jews, both of us—successfully enjoy a rather historic breakfast. It was a difficult moment. It would have been easier—in fact, it would have made me more popular—to just toss the milk down the sink, but that has never been my way. My wife sniffed the carton herself, then broke out into applause. "I applaud you, Joe," she said. "I applaud your courage, and I applaud your nutritionally balanced breakfast." I acknowledged her applause with a small nod of the head and a sheepish wave, but that only made her clap louder . . .

From John Edwards's diary:

. . . who I am, really. I mean, I need to get a little more going than just "good-looking southern boy." That's Al Gore circa 1984. Late, late, late. Got to get a move on. Why do I leave these things to the last minute? I should deal with that, at some point. Memo to self: Find clear identity ASAP! On the other hand, at least I'm not Daschle. Man, that guy has his head so far up his . . .

From Al Gore's diary:

. . . weird-looking, I guess, but it's all anybody seems to be reporting: "Al Gore and his beard." I gave three pretty substantive speeches last week, and it was all beard, beard, beard. And to top it off, Mike Dukakis called about maybe writing a book together. I'm like, hello? Heellllooooooo? Still, at least I'm not Daschle. That guy is so freakin' clueless it's almost like he has some kind of brain disease that makes him think that . . .

From Tom Daschle's diary:

. . . which I think went over rather well. I'm pretty sure the whole "war on terrorism" thing is going to blow over soon, and 18 months from now, people aren't going to be thinking "September 11th" 24/7, they're going to be focusing on core issues like deficit reduction and the foolishness of cutting taxes. Plus, I notice that the rest of my Democratic colleagues are busy supporting the president. I can stake out bold new territory by not supporting him. They zig, I zag. Another brilliant contrarian move I can make is by advocating raising the top tax rate high enough to . . .

From George W. Bush's diary:

. . . and some of the sauce dribbled a bit down my shirt, but close enough to my sleeve that you couldn't really see it when I had my jacket on. Spoke to Powell and Rumsfeld in re: war. Did 3 sets of 12 reps using new pec fly machine. Approved tentative NoKo invasion plan. Approved tentative Iran invasion plan. Approved tentative Iraq invasion plan. Had two scoops of Chunky Monkey watching *Austin Powers* . . .

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Doomsayer

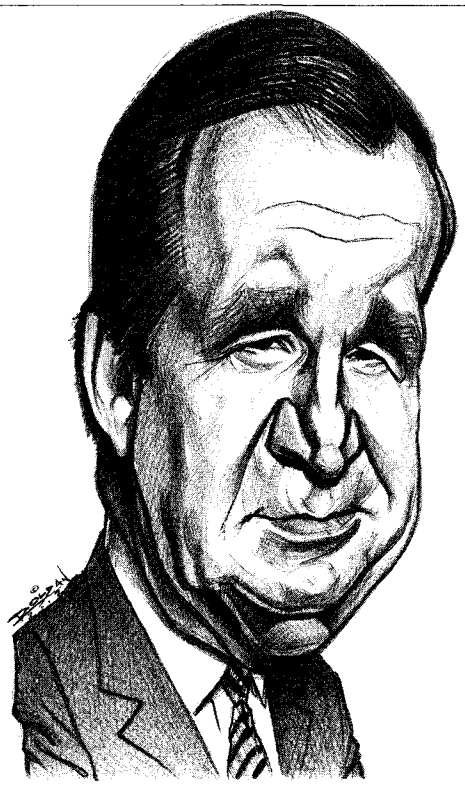
RICHARD BROOKHISER

The Death of the West: How Dying Populations and Immigrant Invasions Imperil Our Country and Civilization, by Patrick J. Buchanan (St. Martin's Press, 308 pp., $25.95)

THE title of Patrick J. Buchanan's latest book echoes that of the famous book by NATIONAL REVIEW senior editor James Burnham: *Suicide of the West* (1964). Burnham began his book by flipping through the pages of a turn-of-the-century atlas, and noting how much of the globe then was painted red, green, and all the other colors of European empires. But at the time he wrote, Africa and Asia had reverted to native rule, while Russia, converted to Communism, had reached into central Europe and Cuba. Burnham argued that, in the most literal sense, the West had shrunk, and that liberalism was the ideology designed to sugarcoat the process.

Much has changed since Burnham wrote. Russian Communism has gone from ruling a world empire to being a squabbling party in a smaller state. On the other hand, three thousand Americans have been murdered in the twin capitals of our country. Death makes a good word for a title just now—though Buchanan's book was conceived and mostly written before 9/11, and was blindsided by it.

The death that Buchanan has in mind is the relative population drop of Greater Europe—Australia, Canada, the United States, and Europe itself, including Russia. (Israel and Japan, he notes in passing, experience the same trends.) "In 1960, people of European ancestry were one-fourth of the world's population; in 2000, they were one-sixth; in 2050, they will be one-tenth. These are the statistics of a vanishing race." Leading the disappearance is Europe proper. In 17 European countries, most of them small, but some—Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain—not, the population is already falling in absolute terms. If present trends continue, this will be true of the continent as a whole. In 2000 Europe had 728 million people, but by 2050, according to U.N. estimates, it will have 600 million. "The last time Europe's population showed a drop of this magnitude," Buchanan writes, "was during the Black Plague of 1347–52. . . . The Death of the West is not a prediction of what is going to happen, it is a depiction of what is happening now."



Patrick J. Buchanan by Ismael Roldan

Nature abhors a vacuum, and Buchanan argues that the empty spaces of the Western world will be filled by the overflow from its Third World neighbors—an influx he calls "the coming great migrations." Europe already takes in numbers of Africans, Arabs, and Turks to do its grunt work. Russia shares an enormous southeastern border with China; and though China's population is stabilizing (thanks to Draconian reproductive policies—a point Buchanan scants), the disparity is already much too great for comfort. "Before the middle of this century," Buchanan writes, "Alaska's neighbors across the Bering Strait could be tough young Chinese pioneers, rather than elderly Russians." Israel is another "affluent modern nation surrounded by poor neighbors with historic grievances," and Buchanan, after citing the relevant population statistics, quotes a judgment by his mentor and hero:

> In San Clemente once, after he hung up from a courtesy call from Yitzhak Rabin . . . my wife, Shelley, asked the ex-president what the prospects for Israel were. "The long run?" Nixon responded. He extended his right fist, thumb up, in the manner of a Roman emperor passing sentence on a gladiator, and slowly turned his thumb over and down.

Buchanan devotes an entire chapter, called "La Reconquista," to the situation of the U.S. and Mexico. The northward flow of immigrants is "larger than any wave from any other country in so short a time." The new arrivals do not assimilate, because home is so close, and because America does not ask them to. What values do they bring? Pro-immigration conservatives argue that Mexicans come here to work, while antis counter that they often bring extended-family members who do not. "Perhaps our mutual love of the dollar can bridge" other cultural differences, Buchanan comments, sidestepping this quarrel. "But Uncle Sam is taking a hellish risk. . . . And if we are making a fatal blunder, it is not a decision we can ever revisit."

Why is the West dying? At several

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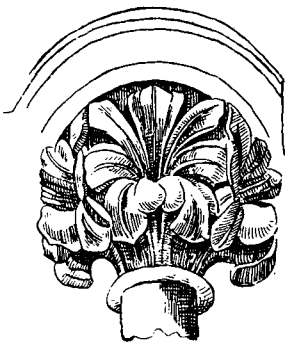
points Buchanan toys with an ancient answer, the cyclical theory of history, and he quotes Burnham toying with the same answer: "The cause, or causes, have something to do, I think, with the decay of religion and with an excess of material luxury; and, I suppose, with getting tired, worn out, as all things temporal do." This may be true. But if it is, then decay is unavoidable, so why discuss it? More interestingly, Buchanan asks how the West came to falter. He nominates a handful of villains: Antonio Gramsci, Georg Lukacs, and the stars of the Frankfurt School of critical theory. These thinkers, who might be called aesthetic Communists, decided that their true enemy was not the capitalist, but Western culture; if that could be transformed, then the West could be won over from within. You may never have heard of them, and their prose, as John Updike once wrote, may taste like chewed aspirin, but they offer Buchanan a template for all his (and conservatives') favorite enemies: radical feminists, race men, America-lasters. The chapters in which Buchanan takes these on read like boxing practice for CNN. A sample combination: "As the Mass, endless reenactments of the Last Supper, is a sacrament of Catholicism, repeated recitations of the lurid details of hate crimes are a virtual sacrament in [a] new faith." But Buchanan's point is somewhat different from a traditional social-conservative polemic, including his own; the isms of the counterculture are bad, not just because they waste lives or twist souls, but because they sap American unity from within, softening it up for the assaults from without. "Whether one holds to the blood-and-soil idea of a nation, or to the creedal idea, or both, neither nation is what it was. . . . We live in the same country, we are governed by the same leaders, but can we truly say we are still one nation and one people?"



Well, what to make of this book? First, we should clear our minds of cant.

Buchanan takes a lot of knocks for his not-so-hidden agendas, and I'm going to add a couple. His pro-Confederate arguments, trotted out here as a rebuke to P.C. history, are childish in their dishonesty; he cites Nathan Bedford Forrest, slave trader and Klansman, as a better friend of the black man than Abraham Lincoln. As the dog returneth to his vomit, so Buchanan returns to the amen corner: 9/11 "was a direct consequence of an interventionist U.S. policy in an Islamic world where no threat to our vital interests justifies our massive involvement." Mr. Buchanan, meet Ms. Sontag. But many of his conservative critics have their own dirty linen. In the immigration debate, how many paeans to the industry of Asian or Mexican immigrants come with the unspoken racist corollary: *Wish our black welfare bums worked so hard.* I've been on both sides of this debate; I know the secret thoughts of both; I have thought them. When the pious arraign Buchanan for his grudges, they should also look to their own hearts.

Buchanan's anecdote about the Sage of San Clemente raises another important point. Buchanan is a Nixon man, which means he is a gloomster. Nixon and Henry Kissinger believed America and the West held a bad hand, which required modern Metternichs to play well. Buchanan was cast as the feisty fighter of that White House, but he partakes of its dark atmospherics.

CHAMPAGNE

All the angels that might fit
on the head of a pin,
every spirit with its petty sin
must pass through here
on the way to bliss.

They appear out of nowhere
in silver chains
rising through the clear crucible,
and scatter in the gold
to dance for us,

then at the crystal heights
burst into chorus.

—DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

The Death of the West was meant to play off the 2000 election, with its bitter divisions and razor-thin margin. Terry Teachout's *Commentary* essay on the red and blue counties is prominently cited. Buchanan's themes are flood tides abroad and rancor at home, which the weak sisters of compassionate conservatism cannot comprehend. "We are going through a civil war of the soul, a clash over who we are, what we believe, what we stand for as a people. It is an irrepressible conflict, for it is about first things."

Then America suffered its worst attack since the War of 1812. Buchanan stuffed a few mentions of 9/11 into his text, but it played havoc with his frame of reference. For starters, he was wrong-footed on Middle Eastern policy. He gets some mileage out of our scandalously open borders and the "foreign enemy . . . within the gates," as well he should. But what is the ethnic group that should be subject to the most careful scrutiny now? Is it not the people, bound for Paterson and Dearborn, who most agree with him? If Osama bin Laden were not a terrorist—quite an if—how would his and Buchanan's vision of America's proper role in the Middle East differ?

But these are details. How does Buchanan navigate a map that, in some respects, is now red, white, and blue? His response would probably be that all the divisions of 2000 remain, and he would be right. But at the same time, a new reality has been added. As I write, New York City, biggest of the blue counties, has rejected a lying, racialist statue of the flag-raising at Ground Zero, and the cops have shut down snot-nosed anarchist trustafarians, to universal approval. No one knows how the two mindsets, pre- and post-9/11, will play out. But I would not hire Buchanan as my dowser.

The new reality may also affect conservatives, if I may judge by my own reactions. In most respects I am just what I was, only more so. Al Sharpton ran for cover when the first plane hit and emerged only to carp at Mark Green; let's give him the hook. Terror suspects—lock 'em up. Student visas—who needs 'em? But do I feel differently about the Dominican dishwashers who died, and the survivors who put out

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votives and American flags? About the gay rugby player on Flight 93? I do. I haven't changed my opinions on immigration and gay marriage, because my opinions did not deny the humanity of the people involved. But I am more willing to look for common ground where it exists. Death gets our attention. Buchanan, however, doesn't want common ground. "By October," he writes with schadenfreude, the post–9/11 feeling of "unity had begun to fade. It will not long survive our first victories in the war on terror." This is not a description, but a prayer, for only if it fades can Buchanan cut a figure in the world.

■

The problem with Buchanan is that he is a timorous intellectual.

■

In the wide world forces are loose that we can scarcely fathom. To mention only the most portentous, which is as important as anything in *The Death of the West*: After forty years of alienation, the United States is drawing closer to India, which will surpass China as the largest nation in Asia in this century. A democracy, with an English-speaking elite, and even a handful of non-persecuted Christians: Who would have thought?

Plenty is wrong with us. Europe truly looks like a goner. Those population figures are grim. All this is still true, but we can at least know how to behave in the moment before us. On the first day of the Battle of Shiloh, Gen. William "Bull" Nelson was bringing reinforcements across the Tennessee River to Gen. Ulysses Grant. He saw the landing area swarming with Union deserters. "Draw your sabers, gentlemen," he told his officers, "and trample these bastards into the mud." That didn't win the battle, but it set the proper tone.

My problem with Buchanan is that he is a timorous intellectual. While he was finishing up this book, the Catholic ethnics whom he and Nixon and Kevin Phillips tried so hard to win, and that Reagan won so easily, were digging through the glowing girders, and raising the flag. Buchanan says, Let's worry; they say, Let's roll. **NR**

Sex, Drugs & God

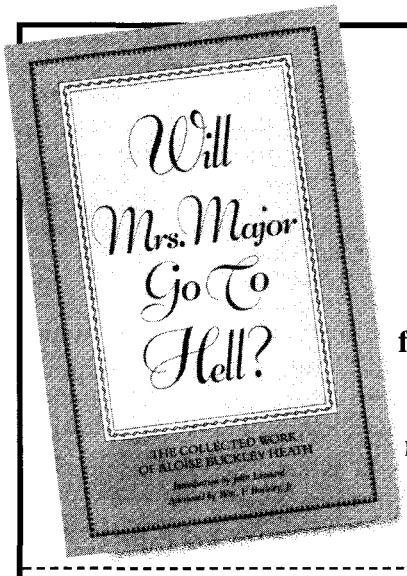
DAVID KLINGHOFFER

More, Now, Again: A Memoir of Addiction, by Elizabeth Wurtzel (Simon & Schuster, 333 pp., $25)

ELIZABETH WURTZEL isn't exactly a household name, but she was briefly a phenomenon in the early-mid 1990s when her memoir *Prozac Nation* was published. At the time, judging from the obsessive media attention the drug was receiving, you might have thought every person in America was taking Prozac, an antidepressant that was supposed to peel away layers of bad false personality—anxiety, sadness, compulsion—to reveal the true happy you underneath. Wurtzel's book wasn't really about her Prozac prescription, though; its real theme was the way divorce damages children, who grow up to be damaged adults, as the author did following her own parents' divorce. Still, the fact that Wurtzel's book was called *Prozac Nation* seemed to crystallize the country's mood. It didn't hurt, either, that Wurtzel could be photographed to maximize a certain plaintive, pouty sex appeal.

Nor did it frustrate her publicists that she was a 27-year-old Harvard graduate—and it is a reality of media coverage that whatever happens at Harvard or to people who went there is deemed newsworthy in a way that the same things, if they happen at Yale or Michigan or Berkeley, or to graduates of those or other universities, are not equally so. Even outside America, Wurtzel received rock-star treatment. I remember being in Stockholm in 1995 and seeing rows of *Prozac Nation* lined up in the front window of a big down-

Mr. Klinghoffer is editorial director of *Toward Tradition* and author of *The Lord Will Gather Me In.*



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town bookstore. It has recently been made into a movie starring Christina Ricci, who looks a bit like Wurtzel.

A follow-up book, *Bitch*—extolling famously difficult women in history—stumbled when it developed that the author was strung out on cocaine throughout most of the publicity tour, tottering on the edge of incoherence in national TV appearances.

The new Wurtzel memoir brings us up to date. While she was writing *Bitch*, in a series of apartments in Ft. Lauderdale, she discovered a new drug: methylphenidate hydrochloride, or Ritalin. Her psychiatrist in New York had prescribed it for her, though Ritalin is thought of as being more suited to elementary-school children suffering from an inability to concentrate on homework. It focuses the mind by speeding it up. As Wurtzel soon found, crushed up and snorted it has an effect quite like cocaine.

Before long she is recounting the scary math by which an innocuous prescription for four pills daily turns into an addiction to 40 a day, supplemented by whatever other abuse-worthy drugs Wurtzel can lay hands on, having them FedExed from New York or swiping them from friends' medicine cabinets. We learn that plenty of familiar brands, meant to be swallowed, can be ground to powder and sniffed for a greatly enhanced psychotropic effect. Vicodin, Percocet, Tylenol 3, Demerol, Dalmane, Dilaudid, Xanax—they all work. "Still," she recounts wryly, "I know that Ritalin is not supposed to be addictive, so I don't figure this is really a problem—I decide it is simply odd behavior. Extremely odd behavior."

Before long she has made the transition to cocaine, which after all isn't merely *like* cocaine. Returning to New York, still working away obsessively on *Bitch*, she finally checks herself into a tony, preppy rehab facility in New Haven, Conn., where she falls in love with another brilliant Harvard grad: a drunk named Hank, who will later get her pregnant while he's in a Macallan-induced stupor. After four months in rehab, she relocates again, back to New York, and immediately relapses.

You learn a lot about drugs in this book. For instance, if you want to smuggle cocaine on a flight from Newark to Stockholm, a diaphragm comes in handy: "I take my diaphragm out of my pocketbook—I've at least had the good sense to make plans for transporting contraband—I put several little bags of coke into its cup, and then I insert it into myself and make sure it is firmly in place on my cervix. All done."

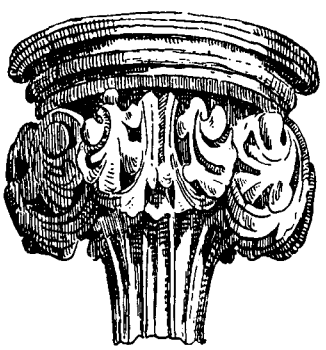
■

Wurtzel made the transition to cocaine, which after all isn't merely like cocaine.

■

I didn't know that sniffing cocaine and watching pornography are so inextricably linked. There are also terrifying descriptions of what it's like to come down off a cocaine high that should give pause to the enthusiasts of drug legalization who have never themselves experienced coke or heroin.

The reason to read this book isn't, however, to get an idea of what drugs can do to a typical addict. Yes, Wurtzel gets arrested for shoplifting—an experience familiar to habitual drug-abusers. But she is no Everywoman. Hardly a chapter goes by without our being reminded, indirectly, of the rich advances and royalties she must have made on *Prozac Nation* and *Bitch*. For a freelance writer, she drops serious cash: $60,000 here on rehab, $10,000 there for a contemplated plastic surgery for tummy-maintenance, an undisclosed amount to rent a Tribeca apartment, "this bright new place where the doormen are called concierges." The economics of being Elizabeth Wurtzel are so extravagant that the reader is left puzzled, unable to make it all add up, since she emphasizes that (unlike what seems to be the large majority of artistic types in New York) she doesn't come from family money.



Nor do you get much of a sense of the world around Wurtzel, something that often makes memoirs interesting. Her friends, as they pass in and out of her life, are mainly blanks. There is one named Lily, another named Kathlyn, a Jason, a Betty, a Lydia, but they don't interest Wurtzel very much. One can hardly tell them apart.

But after all, this is a writer who freely admits she's self-absorbed, spoofing her own vanity. Or is it a spoof? A turning point, sort of, occurs when Wurtzel gets coked up and misses a scheduled photo shoot for an ad campaign for Coach, the pricey leather purveyor. Katie Roiphe, another mid-Nineties semi-celebrity girl writer, is hired to replace her. Our heroine seethes: "This Coach bag thing enwreaths me with envy. Now Katie's picture will be in the pages of *Vogue*, Katie's likeness will be in the window of the Coach flagship store on 57th Street. Katie's—not mine! . . . For all the dumb things I've done because of drugs, it is this Coach campaign that finally gets to me."

Despite the vanity, her best writing—and Wurtzel is genuinely talented, fresh and vivid almost as a rule, often very funny—comes when she's sending herself up. In rehab, she begs an arts-and-crafts instructor to teach her how to weave a basket, "so that I can say that I did the thing that everyone imagines is the craft of choice in mental institutions." There are also some effectively harrowing passages about the sicko things she does to herself when depressed or high, like tweezing hairs out of her legs, plunging in with the "Tweezerman scalpel": "My goal becomes finding a bone, getting far enough into my leg to touch ossified ivory mass, to massage my own skeleton," and—you get the picture.

Good writing aside, what makes this book significant is almost precisely what made *Prozac Nation* worth some of the hysteria it generated: Wurtzel is an honest chronicler. There's not much liberal sentimentality here, despite political ravings that crop up—for example, about the death penalty (which Wurtzel feels that Timothy McVeigh should have been spared). In

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her first book, the topic—subterranean, subversive—was the devastation wrought by divorce. Here the underlying point may be the devastation wrought by the spiritual vacuum of modern life. Wurtzel asserts that what drove her to drugs was an unwillingness to feel any more pain, or even minor annoyance. The drugs numbed all that, at first; but the cure for the addiction, she readily admits, is God.

■

The book's dramatic climax is a visit to an abortion clinic.

■

This is in line with one of the quirkier correspondences in literary history: that between Bill Wilson, founder of Alcoholics Anonymous, and the psychologist Carl Jung. In a 1961 letter, Jung wrote to Wilson of the connection between spirituality and spirits, as in booze. The latter functions as a substitute for the former. When a person is spiritually parched, he may turn to alcohol or narcotics, which give a high, a sense of oneness with the universe, that prayer and religious observance also give (though without the side effects). "You see," wrote Jung, "alcohol in Latin is '*spiritus*' and you use the same word for the highest religious experience as well as for the most depraving poison. The helpful formula therefore is: *spiritus contra spiritum*." That's why the renowned Twelve Step method of AA posits belief in "a Power greater than ourselves" as a precondition to recovery, and is so insistent on this (Steps Two and Three) that competing recovery methods have sprung up for those addicts committed to a faith in secularism. (The competing programs don't seem to work as well as the traditional Twelve Steps.) In the true turning point in Wurtzel's book, after which it appears that the author has given up cocaine for good, she is on her knees in prayer.

It's no coincidence that the book's dramatic climax is a visit to an abortion clinic. There Wurtzel meets a 20-year-old woman, six months pregnant, whose abortion will require two days of surgery. Of her own experience, she says, "I get full anesthesia, which I am told is for my own good, but I later realize it is because that allows the doctor to work quicker, to perform more abortions in less time. . . . As the anesthesiologist fits the suction mask on my face that releases the ether into my system, I am grateful. I don't want to know."

Later she wakes up. "All I see is girls. Two rows of cots, at least twenty along each side of the room, all with girls in blue smocks, curled into fetal position, wrapped in baby blue blankets on white pillowcases and white sheets. In an aerial photograph, we would all look the same. We would look like rows of pastries coming out of the oven on a baker's tray." Fully appreciating the horror of this scene, Wurtzel works herself into a pretzel explaining why this should remain a legal form of medical practice—because that is what the urbane intended readership of this book will want to hear. But she concludes, "I'm left with a feeling that no one should have an abortion."

Life is sanctified, it would seem, and there is another, transcendent reality—her readers are left with these two thoughts. It's not what you would expect from a volume with this one's back cover—a photo of the author, with diamond nose stud, bleached blonde tresses, and a bicep tattoo with a heart and a word written in the middle (it looks like "PURE," possibly "PUKE").

She writes, in the final pages, despite the apparent surrender to Heaven, "I want so badly to believe in God"—suggesting that she hasn't yet taken Steps Two and Three. Or has she? In the acknowledgements, she thanks a pair of Orthodox Jewish organizations, the Chai Society at Yale University and Chabad House of Ft. Lauderdale, which haven't been mentioned earlier in the book. So who knows what steps she might have taken after the narrative was completed? Whatever the case, Elizabeth Wurtzel is an intriguing girl who has succeeded in sneaking some dangerously good ideas into places, and into the minds of readers, where ideas like that aren't normally encountered. This is a valuable and important service. **NR**

Silly Babbitt

TERRY TEACHOUT

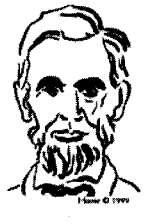
Sinclair Lewis: Rebel from Main Street, by Richard Lingeman (Random House, 656 pp., $35)

THE best way to jump-start a novelist's reputation—or to kill it—is to write his biography. Forty-one years ago, Mark Schorer performed the latter act upon the sodden corpse of Sinclair Lewis by publishing an 867-page autopsy report. Elegantly written but seemingly endless, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* was the first of the big-time blockbuster pathographies, the story of an unlikable alcoholic who somehow contrived to produce *Main Street* and *Elmer Gantry* in between benders. Unlike most of its offspring, it was reasonably sympathetic—but not to Lewis's work, for which Schorer had little use, calling him "one of the worst writers in modern American literature."

Richard Lingeman, by contrast, comes not to bury Lewis but to exhume him; and his agenda, as befits a senior editor of *The Nation*, is not even slightly hidden:

Schorer's biography was a product of

Mr. Teachout is the music critic of *Commentary* and a contributor to *Time* magazine. His biography of H. L. Mencken will be published in November by HarperCollins.



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its time, the time of the silent 1950s, the era of the anticommunist culture war in academe, the heyday of the New Critics, who placed text above social context. In more recent years, scholars have succeeded in viewing Lewis's books through different critical lenses, with the result that his works have come back into repute.

Had this predigested snippet of conventional academic wisdom been placed at the beginning of *Sinclair Lewis: Rebel from Main Street* instead of the end, I wouldn't have bothered to read the rest of the book, especially since my previous encounter with the author's prose style, his numbingly pedestrian two-volume biography of Theodore Dreiser, didn't exactly whet my appetite for his thoughts on the life and work of Sinclair Lewis. Fortunately, though, Lingeman has learned to play a better game than he talks. While I'm far from certain that Lewis *needed* a new biography, this one has the virtue of being 200 pages shorter than Schorer is, and it is dully but decently written. What's more, Lingeman mainly sticks to matters of fact, saving most of the sermonizing for a brief, fatuous epilogue that the unsympathetic reader may skip with a clear conscience: "His iconoclasm chimed with America's coming of age after World War I, but he wrote with a real moral passion. *He really cared.*" (Italics in the original, believe it or not.)

If you don't know anything about Lewis's life, rest assured that the facts are all here, and as depressing as ever. A small-town boy who longed for the rich, full life, he made a pile writing uplifting short stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*, then bit the hand that fed him with *Main Street*, a novel about the spiritual poverty of small-town life that wowed the high-minded middlebrows and brought him even more money (nothing succeeds like self-hatred). He was the first American novelist to win a Nobel Prize, no doubt because he told Europe exactly what it wanted to hear—that America was full of boobs and boors. He married a social climber, whom he left for a bisexual newspaper columnist, after which he took up with an 18-year-old actress; unable to cope with the rigors of celebrity, he anesthetized himself with alcohol, which made him noisy and garrulous, and increasingly friendless. He died in Italy in 1951, having long outlived his talent, and the obituaries were cruel, dismissing him as a ham-fisted satirist whose once-celebrated novels were now faded period pieces.

Was there really more to Sinclair Lewis than that? As Lingeman reminds us, H. L. Mencken, Virginia Woolf, Rebecca West, and Edith Wharton (to whom *Babbitt* is dedicated) all thought so. Mencken described *Main Street* as "well written, and full of a sharp sense of comedy, and rich in observation, and competently designed," while Woolf, amazingly enough, called *Babbitt* "the equal of any novel written in English in the present century." Yet their praise not infrequently had a sting in the tail: West, for example, argued that despite his undeniable gifts, Lewis did not in the end "fulfill that necessary condition of the satirist. He has not entered into imaginative possession of those qualities the lack of which he derides in others."

■

Lewis bears a strong family resemblance to George F. Babbitt, his most famous creation.

■

For all its implicit snobbery, this criticism has the sharp ring of truth. At the same time, it also suggests an important aspect of what gives Lewis's best books such enduring interest as they possess. Unlike so many of the small-town boys who shook the dust of Main Street from their feet and spent the rest of their lives writing contemptuously about it, Lewis never fully succeeded in turning his back on the provincial world of his youth. He couldn't: It was bred into him. Time and again, those who knew him noted that he bore a strong family resemblance to George F. Babbitt, the loud-talking, well-meaning, all-American philistine whom Mencken took to be "an almost perfect specimen—a genuine museum piece."

The trouble with *Babbitt*, of course, is not that it isn't accurate, but that it is obvious to the point of painfulness. I hadn't looked at Lewis's best-remembered novel since high school, but Lingeman's praise made me curious to see how it held up, so I picked up a copy and spent the next couple of hours wincing. To read *Babbitt* eight decades after its publication is to be struck by how much of its social portraiture has retained its point, but Lewis could never stop himself from overegging the pudding, piling detail upon detail until you finally lose all patience with him. And though he had a near-infallible ear for the rhythms of American speech, he was incapable of writing well enough to clearly differentiate his own voice from those of his characters, a grievous error in a novelist who sought above all things to portray the sheer crassness of middle-class America:

> Of a decent man in Zenith it was required that he should belong to one, preferably two or three, of the innumerous "lodges" and prosperity-boosting lunch-clubs . . . There were four reasons for joining these orders: It was the thing to do. It was good for business, since lodge-brothers frequently became customers. It gave to Americans unable to become Geheimräte or Commendatori such unctuous honorifics as High Worthy Recording Scribe and Grand Hoogow to add to the commonplace distinctions of Colonel, Judge, and Professor. And it permitted the swaddled American husband to stay away from home for one evening a week. The lodge was his piazza, his pavement café. He could shoot pool and talk man-talk and be obscene and valiant.

That *Babbitt* is a significant novel (as opposed to a good one) is self-evident, and not merely because it gave a name to an American type. John Marquand's *Point of No Return*, Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer*, J. F. Powers's *Morte D'Urban*, Tom Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities*: None of these books could have been written without the example of *Babbitt*. The difference is that they remain irresistibly readable, while *Babbitt* creaks and rattles like a Model T, lumbering artlessly from cliché to cliché. Alas, this distinction seems not to have occurred to Richard Lingeman, for like all ideology-driven critics, whatever their particular political persuasion, he confuses intentions with results. Sinclair Lewis *really cared*, therefore he must have been a major novelist—and maybe he could have been one, too, if only he'd cared a little less and written a whole lot better. **NR**

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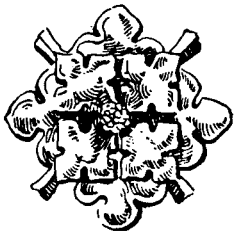
'I Do . . . for Now'

NAOMI SCHAEFER

The Starter Marriage and the Future of Matrimony, by Pamela Paul (Villard, 296 pp., $24.95)

At a recent party on Manhattan's Upper West Side, a freelance writer confided to me that she couldn't begin to understand how today's young women readily forego high-powered careers in banking—along with the possibility of frequent one-night stands—in order to get married and have children. I was astounded: Who says things like that anymore? This woman graduated from college the year I was born, but she might have been Wilma Flintstone for the size of the generation gap between us.

In her new book, Pamela Paul confirms that rather than having been jaded by the high divorce rate of their baby-boomer parents, or drawn to the radical-feminist overturning of the family structure, the adults of Generation X appear to be enthusiastically embracing marriage and traditional families. Piling up evidence from scientific polls as well as cheesy women's magazines, Paul concludes that marriage among twenty-somethings is not only common, it's chic.



Unfortunately, though, the picture isn't as rosy as that fact would suggest. Though young adults are attracted to the idea of marriage, many of them are not sticking to it for very long: Divorce rates among Gen-X-ers are not much different from those of their parents. Still, Paul, an editor at *American Demographics*, sees a new trend in these failed relationships: the starter marriage. Defined by the author as a first marriage that "lasts five years or less and ends before children," the starter marriage seems to be on the rise. Paul, who recently ended her own starter marriage (the details of which she omits), acknowledges that the statistics proving this trend definitively are not yet available. But the combination of three factors—getting married (slightly) younger, putting off children longer, and divorcing just as often—do make her claim plausible.

Paul's book, which consists mostly of the results of over 60 interviews she conducted with young ex-marrieds around the country, is an interesting sociological study. Beginning with the question of why her interviewees were attracted to marriage in the first place, Paul elicits a number of overlapping but slightly different responses: Michael says he "wanted to be loved"; Elizabeth says her husband wanted "security" after growing up with parents who had, between them, four marriages; James proposed when his girlfriend told him, "I think we need to get married or I don't know if I can stay in this relationship."

Understandable as these reasons are, none of them are peculiar to Generation X, and many not even to the last 50 years. Nor are any of them particularly bad reasons in and of themselves. That old "fish or cut bait" theme—in slightly subtler form—can be found in more than one classic novel. As for wanting "to be loved," maybe men 100 years ago didn't admit it in public, but it's a basic human instinct.

Paul places much of the blame for these failed marriages on popular culture. In a chapter titled "Matrimania," she documents the idealization of marriage in the contemporary media, bemoaning the fact that the focus of discussion is the wedding day itself—with hardly a mention of what comes next. Citing the cost of an average wedding in New York at about $75,000 and elsewhere at $20,000, as well as TV shows like *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?*, Paul makes a reasonable case that our recent culture is a little marriage-happy. But her complaints about films like *Runaway Bride* and *My Best Friend's Wedding* seem a little fatuous. Granted, "these movies rarely show

Naomi Schaefer, a Phillips Foundation Journalism Fellow, is writing a book about religious colleges and universities.

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"The statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted to no council and senate whatever, and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself to exercise it."
Adam Smith

"Hayek goes to some lengths at the end of Chapter 5 of *The Road to Serfdom* to think about democracy in terms of the "values which it serves," making it clear that a parochial belief in Democracy independent of the values that it promotes can be as devastating a belief in the "common good" or the "general welfare." Is the value of a democracy, and in turn the value of any system of government, realized by the extent to which it was structured with Smit's statesman in mind? Is the system that has for its chief aim the limitation of political action—be it positive or negative, freedom-restoring as well as freedom-corrupting—the one most likely to succeed? Have any of the modern systems of government succeeded in preventing either the gradual or dramatic loss of freedom? If so, which one, and if not, what would such a system have as its pillars and why?

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us what follows the wedding"; but how are they different from every other romantic comedy made in the last 80 years?

Paul maintains that our generation is "mesmerized by the romantic idea of marriage and blinded to the reality." For a cohort that has witnessed more failed marriages (of its parents) than any other, this seems hard to believe. Still, the remark does seem to describe many of Paul's subjects. Zoë, who married when she was 23, recalls, "I had this knight-on-a-white-horse vision that this man would come and always take care of me. . . . I thought that getting married meant that there would always be someone there to make everything okay."

Perhaps Paul's most useful analysis lies in her characterization of starter marriages, which she believes tend to follow one of two paths. The first and more common one is the "meteor trajectory," with a relationship "taking off quickly, rushing into marriage, and fizzling out fast." Although impulsive marriages are nothing new, Paul's subjects complain that marriage was almost too easy for them—no one tried to talk them out of it. Paul reports, amazingly, that "all the divorcés interviewed said their parents gave them no direction about marriage beyond telling them upon their engagement that 'as long as you're happy,' they supported it."

■

The difference with today's generation is that divorce surrounds it.

■

Paul suggests a reason for this reticence in giving advice: "Perhaps our parents, embarrassed or ashamed by their own unhappy marriages or divorces, feel they're in no position to guide their children." But judging from the stories of these men and women, a little advice couldn't have hurt. Some couples married before ever discussing the prospect of children. One man failed to reveal to his wife his plan to become a missionary in Africa. Another thought he wouldn't have to work because they could just live off her father's money. One woman thought her husband wouldn't mind paying for her astronomical credit-card bill. No wonder, Paul concludes, marriage classes are becoming so popular.

The second course of starter marriages Paul describes as "the slow, thoughtless plod: long-term dating, often between college sweethearts, likely living together after graduation, and a progression into marriage by default." The cohabitation, Paul persuasively argues, is often to blame for the ensuing marital problems. With it "as a vague middle ground, the changes brought on by marriage are much less clearly defined. Marriage is no longer a formal rite of passage; it's merely the next step. It's hard to monitor exactly how the relationship is meant to change when one morphs from trial to reality; marriage seems to have a less definite beginning and fuzzier ground rules."

But no matter why these young people got married, no matter how much popular culture led them on, no matter how little their parents advised them, the difference between these marriages and those of previous generations lies in the fact that divorce surrounds them. They don't feel they have to stick it out, because no one else does.

Doubtless many conservatives will shake their heads at the phenomenon of starter marriages, but should they really be upset? Almost all the men and women Paul surveys cite their desire to avoid putting children through a divorce as one reason they split up so quickly. Elizabeth tells the author: "One of the reasons I eventually decided to get divorced is because I thought it would be better to do it now before we had children. I really thought long and hard about that. I felt that if marriage wasn't the right thing now, then I had no right to continue with it because in the future, I might be affecting others." Though the divorce rate remains high, at least these young ex-marrieds have absorbed lessons about the effects of divorce on children. And despite the contention of some social critics that marrying young and having kids right away enables two people to become closer, to develop together as a unit, it would be awfully difficult to tell these people, who already know their marriages are going nowhere after a year, to just have kids and see whether their relationship improves.

As for whether starter marriages are another indication of the decline of marriage, it seems useful to remember why we care about the rate of divorce in the first place. Leaving aside religious considerations, divorce concerns us because it can be linked to larger social problems like poverty and (especially among children) emotional distress and crime. But the people in Paul's book are not in danger. Middle-class and mostly well-educated, these men and women may suffer some emotional trauma from the split but will land on their feet, and even have a better and more realistic idea of what to look for in a spouse and what to expect from a marriage the next time around. Maybe we should look at the glass as half-full, and regard the starter-marriage phenomenon as confirmation of a widening interest in permanent relationships among today's college-educated young adults. Now if only their parents were less hesitant to take them aside for a heart-to-heart talk . . . **NR**

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The Worse Half

CHARLOTTE HAYS

Spreading Misandry: The Teaching of Contempt for Men in Popular Culture, by Paul Nathanson and Katherine K. Young (McGill-Queen's University, 360 pp., $29.95)

WHY do so many academics write so badly? Paul Nathanson and Katherine Young have some interesting and important things to say about the assault on men in contemporary culture, but too often their book reads as if it had been translated into English from some strange Teutonic language. The text is encumbered with far too many unnecessary hedges ("per se," "as it were"). The authors also have a tendency to belabor the obvious. "Considering the use made of myth in Nazi Germany," they inform us, "it seems clear that not all myths are of equal moral value. The Nazi myth promoted hatred and polarization, not love and reconciliation." I was also glad to learn that England is "a country renowned for its long theatrical tradition."

The thesis of the book—that the anti-male philosophy of radical feminism has filtered into the culture at large—is incontestable; indeed, this attitude has become so pervasive that we hardly notice it any longer. Even Hallmark, which is renowned for inoffensiveness, now offers anti-male greeting cards without provoking any outrage. One of its cards read on the outside, "Men are scum." Inside was the punchline: "Excuse me. For a second there, I was feeling generous." Hallmark pulled that particular card, but still sells one that says, "There are easier things than meeting a good man; nailing Jell-O to a tree, for instance."

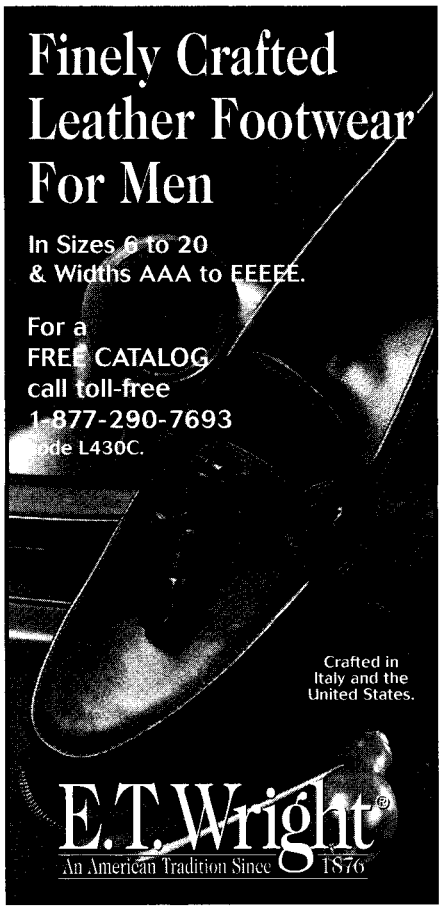
There have always been "war between the sexes" jokes, but the authors identify something new here: an ideological hostility toward men. There is a kind of bitterness—what Yeats called "intellectual hatred"—that makes today's anti-male sentiments different from those of the past. Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* is probably the classic of the new genre. The authors describe the 1985 film version of Walker's book as "ultimately a battle between the forces of light represented by women and those of dark represented by men."

Because of misandry, the authors argue, a "radical loss of identity has become an urgent problem for men in our society." But the authors go too far: They compare the status of men today to that of the Jews in Europe's past. Shakespeare's famous speech in *The Merchant of Venice*—"Hath not a Jew eyes?"—is invoked as one of the epigraphs of the first chapter. "Why begin this book about men with these words about Jews?" Why, indeed. "Because in our time, surprising though it might sound, belief in the full humanity of men has been dangerously undermined by stereotypes based on ignorance and prejudice, just as that of Jews was." Does this mean the authors think feminists plan a Final Solution for men? There are many more references to the Nazis in this book, but the authors never carry this analogy to its conclusion; doing so would suggest—quite correctly—that this is a crackpot analogy.

The authors know a lot about popular culture and write about it with a degree of verve. All the usual suspects appear—Walker's bad men and strong women, Fannie Flagg's androgynous women and brutal guys, man-fleeing desperadoes Thelma and Louise, single mom Murphy Brown, real-life feminist scribe Anna Quindlen—but the authors do a convincing job of showing how drenched our society is with the "men are scum" and "women are superior" messages.

Where the going gets really rough is in the second half of the book, when Nathanson and Young try to explain how the philosophies of radical feminism led to this situation. There are some suggestive ideas here, but they are not developed. "Deconstruction has become the technique of choice among feminist ideologues," the authors note; a provocative point, but they say nary a

Charlotte Hays is the editor of *The Women's Quarterly*.



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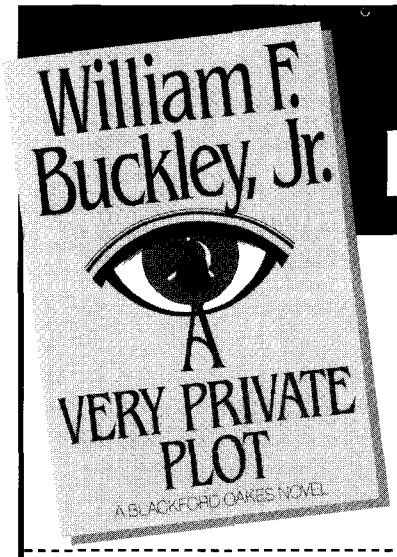
word about these feminist ideologues and their use of this trendy academic method. Instead, there is a lengthy discussion of deconstructionism in general and Jacques Derrida, the father of the method, in particular. For those who can't get enough of Derrida, there's even an appendix on him. But what of the feminist ideologues who made use of deconstructionism? *Nada.*

Another interesting idea: "The ideological rhetoric of feminism is not palatable to all women, so a 'front' is required." What are some examples of this? The authors offer nothing more specific than a vague reference to "many Jewish and Christian feminists," who apparently are being duped by radical feminists who use them. Feminist legal scholar Catharine MacKinnon and feminist theorists Marilyn French, Andrea Dworkin, and Mary Daly are mentioned several times in passing, but that's it.

Though I like to brag that feminism is the only "ism" I didn't buy in my left-wing youth, even I am appalled at Nathanson and Young's sly attempt to paint feminists as racists. The evidence? Some early suffragettes were racists and "won the vote by playing to the nation's anti-Negro sentiments." Disingenuously noting that "not all suffragists were racists," the authors recall that Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton "refused to lobby for the Fifteenth Amendment." It's clearly unfair to use this to taint contemporary feminism. And the authors' section on racism underscores another problem: It's the only part of the book in which the authors discuss particular feminists in any depth. Why didn't they tell us about the contemporary radicals who are supposedly mucking up manhood?

In sum, this is a book with a fascinating thesis that ends up doing little more than overpowering the reader with academic jargon. (One last favorite sentence: "Within every dualist, not surprisingly, is an essentialist.") But the real problem for the book may be timing. Manhood seems to be making a comeback since the September 11 attacks, when cops and firemen so splendidly demonstrated that society can't do without manly virtue. **NR**



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■ SHELF LIFE ■

THERE is a rich literature documenting the nobility of public service, but much of it tilts toward statism; public-spirited conservatives and free-marketeers deserve some role models of their own. In his new book, *Styles Bridges: Yankee Senator* (Phoenix, 270 pp., $24.95), James J. Kiepper obliges, with a marvelous portrait of a conservative who devoted his life to his community. After serving as governor of New Hampshire (1935–37), Bridges represented the state in the U.S. Senate for almost a quarter-century—earning the respect of all parties for his combination of strong principle and skill in compromise.

Bridges distinguished himself early in his Senate career with his forceful opposition to FDR's scheme to pack the Supreme Court. In April 1937—less than four months into his first term—he was tapped by GOP leaders to give a nationwide radio address against the plan. Bridges rose to the occasion, with a stirring appeal to first principles. "True liberals," he proclaimed, "as opposed to noisy, self-proclaimed liberals, are warning the American people against an encroaching, personal government." FDR's measure was a power grab, a move away from the rule of law and toward a centralized rule of men; Bridges helped defeat the president on the issue.

A solid anti-Communist who could appeal to moderates, Bridges was the compromise choice to lead the Senate's GOP minority in 1952. He left the post voluntarily after a year and served the rest of his time in the Senate as a conciliator between the GOP's factions. In a valuable appendix, Kiepper reprints some of Bridges's reflections in an eloquent, Burkean vein: "The conservative has serious doubts about man and pure reason. . . . The conservative is deeply conscious of the fact that he and his generation are part of the endless stream of man under God, living, trying, accomplishing, and dying. The conservative recognizes that this is the essence of man's growth—not the sudden, violent change based on the blueprint of some reckless mind."

Bridges, a master of the political art, is well served by this fine biography.

—MICHAEL POTEMRA

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Dealing With The New Axis

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1

THAT was a heady series from the administration, President Bush on Day #1 to the Congress, Secretary Rumsfeld on Day #2 to the National Defense University, and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice on Day #3 to the Conservative Political Action Conference. The pivotal statement, engraved now like a Bill of Rights in the mind not only of its author, but of its challengers: "The United States of America will not permit the world's most dangerous regimes to threaten us with the world's most destructive weapons." And he named Iran, Iraq, and North Korea as "the axis of evil" in the world.

The immediate reaction, as one might expect, was from leaders of those countries. It boiled down to: Who, me?, which was a healthy sign. It is at some level reassuring that a nation just doesn't *want* to be called evil. On the other hand, that reflex doesn't guarantee the effort to act in such a way as to change those patterns of behavior that earned the anathema. It isn't as if those three countries were genetically predestined to evil. In our time, Russia was baptized, if not quite yet confirmed. And the Libya of 2002 is very different from the Libya of the Pan Am bombing, different from the Libya against which President Reagan ordered a punitive strike.

The exegetes are studying the exact words of Mr. Bush and of his emissaries Rumsfeld and Rice. If it is true merely that we won't allow those three countries to threaten us with destructive weapons, when is it that we rise to the challenge? After they acquire destructive weapons? Or only when, having acquired them, they threaten us with them?

It sounds more moderate, put that way. But of course there is the problem that when a country acquires a destructive weapon, it becomes too late to move against it. Israel has a nuclear weapon, which is one reason why hostile forces do not attempt a forthright elimination of Israel by a massive invasion. We do not know exactly what North Korea has, but presumably some time before it gets a deliverable nuclear weapon, an American weapon less absolute than a nuclear bomb will drop down on the nascent threat.

So what specifically are we to do during the gestation periods, before these weapons come to term? Miss Rice explains that "the president is calling on the world, on our friends and our allies, to join us in preventing these regimes from developing and deploying these weapons." This, she adds, "is a serious matter and it requires a serious response." Yes. What is that response?

Mr. Rumsfeld gives us a metaphor. "It's like dealing with burglars. You can't possibly know who wants to break into your home [but, actually, we do know. Some people call it the axis], or when they might try it—but you do know how they might try to get in. You know they might try to pick your lock—and that you need good, solid deadbolts on your front door. You know that they might try breaking through a window—and that you need a good alarm system. You know it's better to stop them before they get in—and that you need a police force to patrol the neighborhood and keep the bad guys off the streets." He added an even more homely image: "And you know that a big German shepherd wouldn't hurt either."

What is Mr. Bush expecting, concretely, from our allies? Rumsfeld listed as the third of his "transformational goals," "to deny to our enemies sanctuary—making sure they know that no corner of the world is remote enough, no mountain high enough, no cave or bunker deep enough, no SUV fast enough, to protect them from our reach."

But this means corollary adjustments in attitude on enemies apprehended.

"Daddy, are we a rogue state?"

There is plenty of space left over in Guantanamo for more of what we have got, which would include more Saudis than are already there. But what progress is there in getting these? And in convening other terrorists, from Egypt and Pakistan, let alone Iran and Iraq, to a Devil's Island of isolation, where they can read the Koran and listen to tapes of Bush, Rumsfeld, and Rice?

Can Catholics Decree Death?

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8

JUSTICE ANTONIN SCALIA has let the cat loose among the pigeons in the matter of Catholic doctrine and capital punishment. What he said was simply this: If a judge concludes that he can't ordain capital punishment, or concur in its ordainment, then he should resign his position as judge. Why? Because he cannot act according to his oath of office, which is to execute the laws as written by American legislators. In 37 states, the death penalty is authorized. Sentencing judges, or judges on duty on appeal panels, can be a) Catholic; b) personally opposed to capital punishment; yet c) bound by oath to apply the law. If the strain on the conscience is unbearable, opines Justice Scalia, let them resign.

Now in the way he proceeded to make his point, at the forum at Georgetown where he spoke, Scalia engaged in provocative theological thoughts. He didn't just talk about Catholic judges staying in or getting out. He went on with an impish aside, which I guess the lawyers would call obiter dictum, to say that (after all) the Church had authorized capital punishment for two thousand years. . . . The meaning of it was plain: that the Church could not easily capitalize the death penalty as sinful after two millennia of tolerating it.

The immediate objection to the point being made is that other things were tolerated for centuries, which no longer are, for instance, the institution of slavery. Opponents of capital punishment can argue that ethical refinements of judgment disallow today what might have been routine yesterday, for instance, public flogging. In the context of

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the sophistication of Justice Scalia's thinking in most matters, one resists dismissing him that easily. It is not predictable that the secular line of humane thought will continue to move in the direction of outlawing capital punishment. But Justice Scalia is currently involved in another point touching on capital punishment, which is procedural and in active judicial contention these days. It is the question of the allocation of responsibility as between juries and judges.

We all know that juries are supposed to rule on questions of fact, judges on questions of law. But is it easy to compartmentalize these responsibilities? For instance, a judge, having heard the jury rule that the defendant was guilty, can weigh, under existing practice, such questions as the bearing of past criminal behavior by the defendant. Judges in several states not only have the responsibility of weighing the applicability of capital punishment, they are required to do so—by opining that the behavior of the defendant, or the nature of his engagement in the crime, was especially heinous. Is that a decision that should be reserved for juries to make? Should juries be relied upon to weigh the relevance of a defendant's past crimes?

In the year 2000, the Supreme Court held in a 5–4 ruling that juries, not judges, must rule on all the facts that increase defendants' statutory maximum sentences. And lo!, Justice Scalia voted here with the majority.

If the arithmetic of Professor Stephanos Bibas, writing in the *Legal Times*, is correct, some 800 people now on death row could be retroactively sprung upon a successful pleading based on *Apprendi* v. *New Jersey*. The situation there was a man pleading guilty to a firearm violation and possession of a bomb in his house, which under the law called for a maximum sentence of ten years. But the judge ruled that Charles Apprendi had been motivated by racial bias, and therefore "enhanced," to use the language of the law, the sentence by two years.

What Scalia is engaged in, it has been said, is increasing the burden and the responsibility of jurors, at the expense of judges. This is a conservative position based on jury sovereignty. Whether if decisions on capital punishment were to depend entirely on juries rather than only in part, there would be more or fewer executions, we don't know.

We have not heard from Justice Scalia whether, in voir dire, jurors who are Catholics should be asked if their faith would affect their reasoning on whether a defendant should be executed. Or how exactly that question, put to a Catholic juror, should be formulated.

Lawlessness in Boston

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12

THE words of Bernard Cardinal Law, spoken at his cathedral in Boston, were, "When there are problems in the family, you don't walk away. You work them out together with God's help."

The cardinal doesn't understand that one of the problems in the family is the derelict father of the family. It is undeniably and painfully the case that priest after priest who had molested children were called to the cardinal's attention and he did what amounts to nothing. To some he advised, or even decreed, psychological counseling. Others he simply admonished. But the critical concern should have been to get children out of harm's way. He didn't do that. You don't pass over his inactivity as simply an act of inordinate compassion. One can feel with great sorrow and understanding the derangement of the arsonist, but one does not send him back into the forest. Human cordite is otherwise supervised.

The news informs us that the vote in favor of Cardinal Law staying on in Boston is about 50–50. Those who are opposed to his resigning are moved by many motives, one of them, evidently, the sense that when the Church is attacked, one stands by the Church.

The awful error here is that to stand by the Church precisely means to cause the defective prince of the Church to stand aside. John O'Sullivan, the brilliant head of UPI, got it exactly right in his column in the *Chicago Sun-Times* in which he said that the right thing for the Church to do here is to take seriously the word of Christ, that it were better for him who attacks the innocence of children if a millstone be tied around his neck and he be cast into the depths of the sea.

What O'Sullivan points out is that the public danger, in the complacent handling of the aberrant priests by so many bishops, is the effect their documented nonchalance has on the whole structure of the Catholic mission. The former priest John Geoghan is, finally, in the hands of civil authorities, on his way to jail. It is humiliating for Catholics everywhere to ponder that in Boston one needed to wait around for sheriffs in order to remove him from contact with children. Because those who first knew of his guilt failed to act decisively on it. The terrible question creeps into the mind: Was that failure merely excessive latitudinarianism, a display of an innocent confidence that, once warned, the transgressor would not sin again?

But Geoghan and others did sin again, in city after city, parish after parish. The bishops are discreetly engaged in making civil reparations, putting out millions of dollars to aggrieved victims and their parents. What reparations will they make to the great body of priests whose lives are devoted to the priestly calling and now suffer corporate disgrace? This disgrace is not generated by the mere existence of pedophilia among priests. There are homosexual aggressors in all callings, and perhaps a higher density of them in a celibate culture. But it is a culture—the ministry—of men whose entire lives are given to the spiritual services of others. Yet they are suffering the most.

What they need now, they and their flock, is a symbolic acceptance of responsibility. The withdrawal of the failed father.

Bernard Cardinal Law is a fine human being whose services to the Church were rewarded, in 1985, with his anointing as a prince of the Church. His instincts are understandable. There is a mess here, he is saying, I am ever so disconsolate over the decisions I made that were miscarriages of my responsibility. But I will reform, believe me.

I believe him. But that has very little to do with the debt he owes his Church and his calling. This debt is to affirm the seriousness of his dereliction. In public life, there is the venerable option available to prime ministers—to resign. It does not matter whether they were responsible for bad leadership, or because catastrophic events overtook them. The closing lines in Mr. O'Sullivan's article can't be gilded: "Christ himself would have spoken far more harshly to John Geoghan and the other priests who destroyed the innocence of those in their care. Yet in speaking harshly, He would have helped them more. . . . Geoghan himself can only hope to find in prison the stern but loving Christ whom he evaded all too easily in the Boston archdiocese."

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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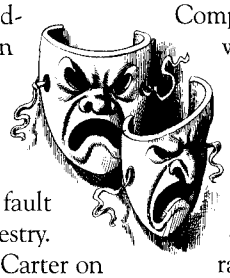
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

THE *Washington Post* obituary for columnist Richard Grenier stated that he died of a heart attack while watching the State of the Union address. I was saddened by the news because I liked Grenier's writing, but not at all surprised by the circumstances of his death.

I had an iffy moment myself when Bush referred to "the families I've hugged," but at least it was a line I could have some fun with once I got over the initial jolt. My closest brush with a blood-pressure "event" occurred when he warmed to another theme that circles around our national life like a persistent gnat and insinuates itself through our collective conscience like the fault line of a dropped stitch in a tapestry.



Every president from Jimmy Carter on has parlayed it, each one kicking the intensity up another notch like Emeril Lagasse hurling garlic into his pots. Carter didn't make a lot of speeches about it, choosing instead to hammer the point home by building houses for the poor until we all understood that he was a carpenter with the initials J. C. It was a tough act to follow, but Reagan enshrined Alexis de Tocqueville and told the touring Frenchman's story about the frontier barnraising so many times that he turned "volunteerism" into a buzzword. The elder Bush, propelled by the family tendency to goopiness, coined "a thousand points of light." Then came the Clintons, one creating AmeriCorps and the other talking up The Little Village That Could. Now we have Bush 43 demanding a little chunk of our lives—not much, heck, you won't even miss it—urging us to drop everything to go off somewhere and mentor somebody.

It sounded like nagging to me—when the Bushes aren't being goopy, the family vocal cords tend to slip into the Xanthippe range—but it struck the right note for the times. Americans have always enjoyed being known as the world's most generous people, but something more than generosity is involved when charities have to announce that they don't need any more money, and bloodbanks have to announce that they don't need any more blood, and would we please, please, *stop* donating. That had to hurt, so Bush's presumptuous demand that we sign up for altruistic lost weekends and two compassionate years before the mast must have given millions a new lease on the self-flagellating guilt that fuels the engines of America the Selfless.

Compulsive volunteerism is our new way of pretending to a unity we know we lack. Our old way depended on disasters. From Pearl Harbor to the *Challenger* explosion, we announced "It brought us together," and repeated it until we believed it, but it was rarely heard after Sept. 11. The terrorist attacks made us yearn for something more personal and immediate than the grand sweep of national unity, so we narrowed it down to "We're all New Yorkers now."

The denizens of volunteerism have a word for this sort of parochial yearning. They call it "community"—just that, nothing more, never mind parts of speech; it's noun, verb, adjective, whatever you need it to be. As an all-purpose word it's second only to "family" as a vehicle for American angst, denoting an idyllic unit of humanity made up of kindred spirits with the same needs, all working together for the common good, mentoring each other until everybody rubs off on everybody else, sanding down the rough edges of difference.

A few weeks ago I had a memorable experience when I happened to sit next to a female Community on the bus. It was a new line so I decided to take a ride to see if it stopped at any of the places I need to go. Community was riding for the same reason, so we got to talking about the local bus service. I was clocking the schedule for the Food Lion stop, but instead of going by the direct route, the bus was meandering through leafy, upscale suburban neighborhoods with two-car garages. On and on it went, traversing a sylvan glade dotted with bus stops and nobody waiting at them.

"Why did they put the route out here?" I asked. "These people don't take the bus."

"They're part of the community," said Community.

"But they couldn't have moved out here in the first place if they didn't have cars," I argued.

"The buses have to serve the community."

"Even if they don't need it?"

"You have to think of the community as a whole," said Community.

It was no use. The word squirted out of her like ink from a squid. We were talking past each other; she was intent on gluing everybody together no matter what because she wanted a sense of belonging, but all I wanted was Food Lion.

The pursuit of unity is also behind our memorial jag. It stands to reason that if you build enough memorials, the day eventually will come when there is no one left to leave out: If it moves, carve it in marble. The theme park as a civil right. Symbolism as discrimination. Tom Hanks's truculent plea for a WWII memorial ("It is time") ignores the Iwo Jima statue, but requiring Americans to use their imaginations violates the memorial rights of other members of the military community who aren't Marines.

Hanks will get his memorial, and so, eventually, will such giants of statesmanship as Thomas R. Marshall and William Rufus DeVane King, because if you get enough tourists soaking their feet in the fountain and wondering "Who the hell was he?" you have brought at least some of us together.

Naturally, the line in the State of the Union that upset so many didn't bother me a bit. It never even occurred to me to associate "axis of evil" with Germany, Japan, and Italy. The word is a geometric measurement having to do with arcs; the "Axis" nations of WWII formed an arc across the globe, as do Iran, Iraq, and North Korea.

If that sounds out-of-character, there's a reason. In college I dated a boy who wore a slide rule on his belt and droned on and on about his boring major. At some point in my halcyon days as a captive audience, the word "axis" cropped up in its literal sense and stuck in my mind. **NR**

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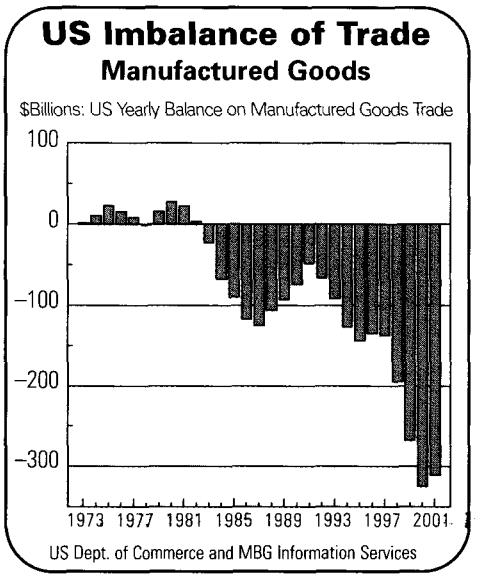
Is Trade a "Jobs" Issue?

Trade is America's top "jobs" issue. The U.S. Commerce Department reports that each $1 billion of exports supports roughly 10,000 jobs. But Washington acknowledges only half of that equation.

A U.S. trade surplus of $1 billion equates to 10,000 more American jobs. However, a trade deficit of $1 billion translates into 10,000 fewer such jobs.

In 2001, the United States had a trade deficit of more than $410 billion, which cost America more than 4 million good-paying, high quality jobs. The U.S. Labor Department reports that more than 1.3 million of those lost jobs were in manufacturing.



The principal sources of these job losses are recent U.S. trade agreements — including NAFTA, the World Trade Agreement, and a variety of one-sided pacts with China. Also, the recent U.S.-African and Caribbean Trade Acts were simply unilateral U.S. foreign aid grants to stimulate manufacturing in those countries.

All of these agreements encourage both the shift of factories from America to these developing nations and then more U.S. imports from them.

As these trade agreements come into full effect, still more U.S. factories and jobs will be lost.

What Washington ignores is that its trade policies are pitting U.S. workers making a living wage, including benefits, against workers in developing countries paid penny-wages and no benefits.

And while a handful of manufacturers and retailers prosper under these trade agreements, millions of Americans are now suffering job losses and pay cuts — as are the states and communities where they live.

We think U.S. trade should strengthen our economy and jobs — not pit Americans against penny-wage foreign labor.

We think manufacturing in America matters.

What do you think?

For more information or to contact your elected officials and local media, go to www.craftedwithpride.org

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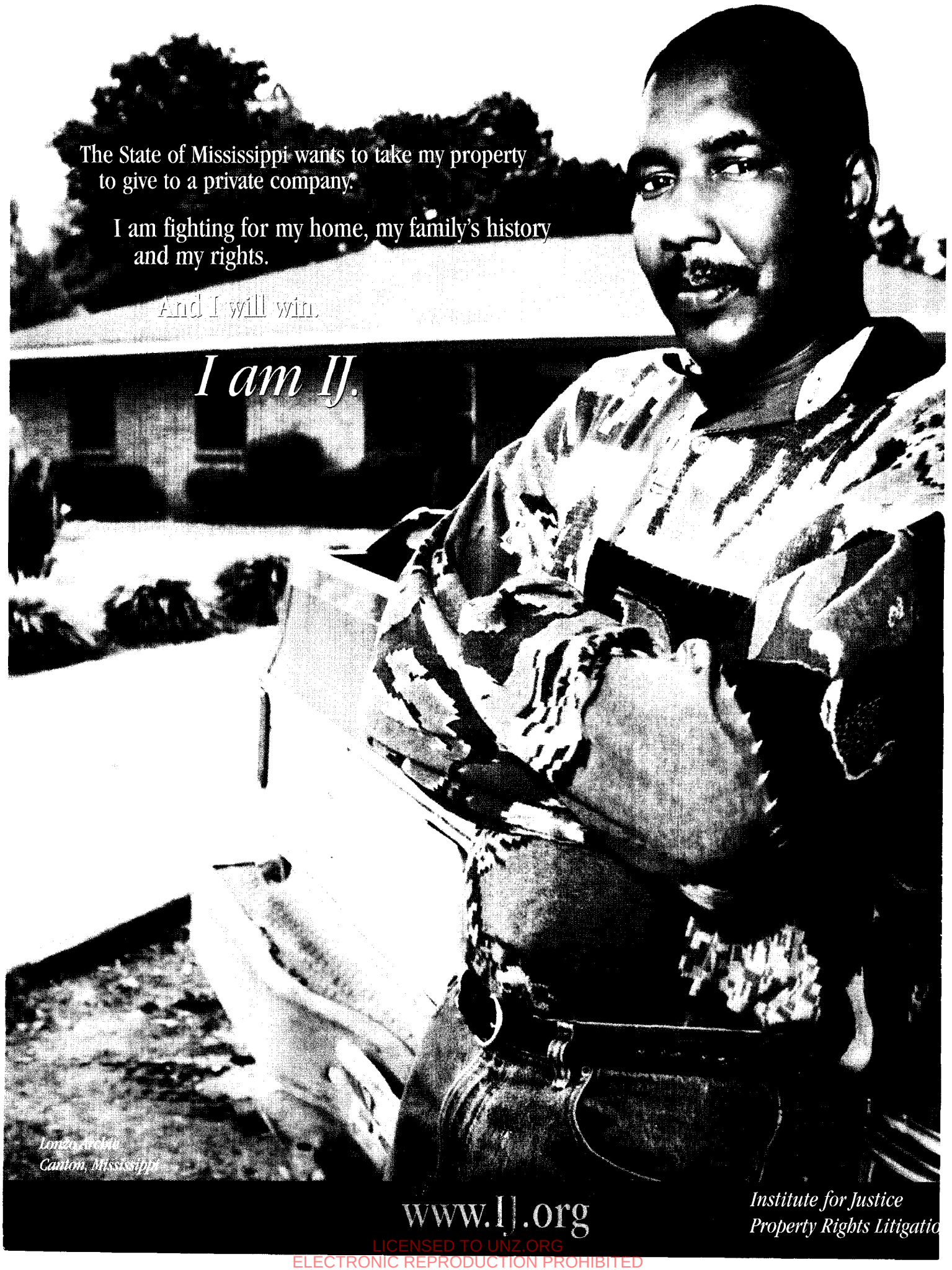
The State of Mississippi wants to take my property
to give to a private company.
I am fighting for my home, my family's history
and my rights.
And I will win.
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Lonzo Ardoin
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